

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

Latest Morning Edition.  
FRESH NEWS DOWN TO "30."



In Two Parts—18 Pages.  
PART I—TELEGRAPH SHEET—0 PAGES.

TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1915.

Discussions.

## RUPTURE WITH AUSTRIA PREDICTED IN VIENNA.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.) (30)

DAVIS, Dec. 25 (4 a.m.)—The Petit Journal's Geneva correspondent says he learns from a semi-official source in Vienna that discussions have arisen between the Liberals and Conservatives on the American note concerning the sinking of the Ancona.

"The Liberals," says the correspondent, "wish to give satisfaction to the United States in the second reply but the Conservatives, encouraged by the government, flatly refuse and a diplomatic rupture is almost inevitable."

### DR. HANCOCK A SUICIDE.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) (30)

STROUDSBURG (Pa.) Dec. 24.—The body of Dr. Albert E. Hancock, author and a former member of the Haverford College faculty, was found near Delaware water gap yesterday and by his revolver with which he had taken his life. He disappeared from a hotel in Stroudsburg Wednesday leaving a note he intended to commit suicide. He had been in poor health for some

### GOLD COINS FOR CHRISTMAS.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) (30)

GRASS VALLEY (Cal.) Dec. 25.—The North Star Mines company gathered its 450 employees in the drying house yesterday and each as a Christmas present distributed a freshly minted gold coin. Those employees receiving more than \$3 a day were given a coin less than \$3, half that amount. Heads of departments were given shares of stock.

The North Star is one of the most productive mines in California.

### STEALS FAKE DIAMOND.

(30)

A pass-key burglar early last night entered the home of Mr. R. Dell at No. 721 Alexander street, and stole a "fake" diamond valued at about \$2. He overlooked another ring set with a diamond valued at \$250. The two rings had been placed by Dell in the same drawer but for some reason the burglar took the one.

Another valued at \$260 was looted by the same burglar from the home of W. B. Eichman of No. 569 Alexander street, where he gained entrance by cutting away the screen from a side window.

### THIEF HIDES IN COURT ROOM.

(30)

Caught by two policemen just after he had snatched a \$10 bill in hands of A. R. McKinna of No. 429 California street, Edward Murray fled to the police station early last night and dodged officers for a hour in the court rooms on the second floor of the building.

When captured hiding beneath a bench in Judge White's office he still had in his possession the stolen bill.

Running by Mr. McKinna as he stood near Fifth and Hill streets, he started to run toward the police station. Patrolman E. A. Frost, attracted by Mr. McKinna's shouts for help at once took up chase and Patrolman Frost, who saw them flash by him, also ran.

Heeded for the police station, Murray was unable to turn back and dashed up the stairway leading to the court rooms. The two officers called help from the station and began a search of the court rooms. After searching for almost an hour they discovered Murray hidden beneath a bench. He was locked up charged with grand larceny.

### CHRISTMAS DINNER STOLEN.

(30)

Cutting his way through a screen door, a burglar early last night entered the home of F. B. Andrews of No. 5516 Virginia avenue and stole out with the Christmas dinner, as well as a \$150 watch.

Early in the evening the cook, according to Mr. Andrews, placed a turkey and a duck as well as a number of pies and cakes in the kitchen closet. She then left for the night. Mr. Andrews and family went to the theater.

Returning to his home shortly before midnight, Mr. Andrews discovered that the burglar had cut the screen from the rear door and taken the entire dinner. The watch which had been hidden by Mr. Andrews was also missing.

### Defenses.

## THE BEST NAVY IN THE WORLD FOR THE UNITED STATES.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) (30)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Secretary Daniels made public to-night the original special report to reply to a query addressed to the board when the administration last July to take up the question of national preparedness. The administration's five-year building programme for the navy, which this report was submitted in part by the Navy Department.

(Continued on Second Page.)

thoughtfulness and generosity in providing so many poor children with clothing and gifts and the Christmas dinner at the New York is another splendid example of the generous spirit of the men of the navy. May this day bring to you and to all the men of our service as much happiness that your self-denial has brought to these little ones.

The Secretary also sent the following Christmas greeting to all ships and stations of the navy, to be broadcasted by the navy radio service to all parts of the world where American ships are on duty:

"Voicing the national spirit, I send Christmas greetings to the American navy from the American people."

Resentment.

## JAPAN MAY SEND ARMY TO ASSIST THE ALLIES.

### Sinking of Yasaka Maru by Submarine Arouses Tokio to Fury.

If Decision is Made Forces may be Centered Around Suez Canal, Where Germans are Threatening a Blow. Washington Begins an Inquiry Which may Have an Effect on Ancona Case.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Dec. 24.—What is Japan going to do about it? That question is on the tongues of all diplomats who are now assigned to this country. They are practically unanimous in the belief that the sinking of the Japanese steamer Yasaka Maru by either a German or Austrian submarine may result in a decision by Japan to send land forces to the assistance of the allies. If such a decision is reached, it is believed the forces will be centered around the Suez Canal in an effort to save it from the blow which Germany is understood to be planning to strike there.

Washington today was still without official information concerning the sinking of the liner. Neither the American government nor the Japanese embassy had received any information respecting it outside of that contained in press reports.

The Japanese embassy did receive reports from Japan, however, indicating that the tremendous popular wave of resentment had spread over the country. The populace there, according to these reports, would favor the sending of a Japanese land force.

Back of the Japanese liner for the time being is taken the attention of officials here away from the American situation. Press reports indicated that the Austrian government accepted the last Ancona note in a more friendly spirit than the first one. According to these reports there is little danger of a break between the two countries.

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Investigating.

## LANSING STARTS INQUIRY ON SINKING JAP LINER.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The government is somewhat the existing tension, though there was no indication that Austria had decided to comply with the demands of the United States for dismantling, pumping out of the commandant of the submarine and reparation by the payment of indemnity for the American killed or injured.

Prompt action followed receipt of unofficial reports that the vessel had been torpedoed by an Austrian submarine without warning, thereby endangering the life of an American citizen, who was on board.

Should official verification of the reports be received, the matter will be referred to the State Department for correspondence with Austria-Hungary. Officials made no attempt to conceal the fact that the sinking of the Yasaka Maru under the alleged circumstances would seriously complicate the negotiations over the sinking of the Ancona.

Baron Zwiedinek informed Secretary Lansing today probably would arrive sometime before Wednesday.

INFORMAL DISCUSSION.

During his call on Mr. Lansing, the charge was understood to have discussed with the press dispatches concerning the sinking of the Yasaka Maru. However, he had no information to impart.

The State Department cabled instructions for a report to Edward Lyle Bristol, consular agent at Port Said, to press dispatches having reported that the survivors, including the American citizen, had been landed there.

The department also expects information regarding the sinking of the vessel may come from diplomatic or consular representatives in other countries, particularly Paris, a French sunboat, having rescued the survivors.

Wireless.

## CONTROL BY GOVERNMENT OF ALL COASTAL RADIO.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Recommendations that the government control and operate all coastal radio stations within the jurisdiction of the United States and establish a practical monopoly for the transmission of all government business are included in the annual report of Capt. W. H. G. Bullard, superintendent of the navy radio service, made public tonight. The Board of Radio Organization, the report adds, is preparing amendments to existing laws to work out this scheme, which will be submitted to the secretary in a special communication.

"This provides," the report says, "for a strong central government control and a practical monopoly for the transmission of all government business, as it does for the transmission of all commercial business, involving, as it does, all departments of the government having to do with radio matters, representatives of such departments should be consulted and such will be recommended when the original draft of the proposed act is submitted."

The board also has worked out, the report says, a definite plan for the organization of the radio service in such a way that selling of communication may be maintained between the commanders-in-chief of the various fleets and their different detachments and for keeping the department and commanders-in-chief in communication at all times. Details of this plan, which already has been put in writing, are not disclosed for military reasons. It is understood, however, that the arrangements to have all public and private stations along the coasts listen in on any radio conversation that may be in progress.

The Secretary also sent the following Christmas greeting to all ships and stations of the navy, to be broadcasted by the navy radio service to all parts of the world where American ships are on duty:

"Voicing the national spirit, I send Christmas greetings to the American navy from the American people."

Sea and report immediately to the Navy Department is a part of this war plan.

### INDIAN LAND SALES TESTED.

### VALIDITY OF TRANSFERS APPROXIMATING FIFTEEN MILLIONS UP.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 24.—The constitutionality of the Clapp act, 1904, which permitted mixed blood Indians to sell their lands, was attacked by the government in Federal District Court today in a test case in which it was claimed that the act, worth \$15,000,000 worth of land on the White Earth Indian reservation in Minnesota are invalid.

Should the act be held unconstitutional all deeds made by the Indians, including mixed bloods, would be void. Judge Morris, before whom the case was argued, expects to render a decision next month, but he believes the last word in the case will come from the United States Supreme Court.

The 1500 suits now pending involving titles to land and in which the government claims that full bloods, as well as mixed bloods, illegally disposed of their lands, would be dropped should the Clapp act be found unconstitutional. The Clapp act, special assistant to the Attorney-General, in presenting the government's case selected one of the 1500 cases as the basis for his attack on the Clapp act.

### TILLAMOOK ON THE MAP.

Oregon County Shut off from the World Since Last Monday.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE. TILLAMOOK (Or.) Dec. 24.—Tillamook county got into communication with the outside world again today for the first time since Monday, when all rail and wire communication was severed by the storm. Telegraph communication was re-established today, but the Southern Pacific line is washed out in so many places that no rail service is promised for a week. The Wilson River bridge near here was swept away. Christmas mail probably will not reach here until New Year's. Damage in the county has been extensive.

Real Joy.

### FRICK TO PAY CHILDREN'S LOSS.

### MAKES GOOD FUNDS TIED UP BY BANK FAILURE.

PITTSBURGH MILLIONAIRE, as a Christmas gift, Announces He will Meet in Full All Accounts of Youthful Depositors Who Put Their Savings in an Institution Just Closed.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

PITTSBURGH (Pa.) Dec. 24.—Joy prevailed in the hearts of Pittsburgh's school children tonight as a result of the announcement late today by H. C. Frick, millionaire coal magnate, that he will pay in full as Christmas gift, all the accounts of the 41,000 children depositors in the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings, which was closed here last Wednesday by order of the State Department. The deposits amounted to \$7,121,454, and Frick said he would make just as soon as the necessary arrangements can be completed, which will probably be about January 3.

In order to induce children to save, a school savings fund was started many years ago. Through this there was no indication that Austria had decided to comply with the demands of the United States for dismantling, pumping out of the submarine and reparation by the payment of indemnity for the American killed or injured.

The United States does not contemplate entering into extended diplomatic exchanges over the Ancona case. Until further negotiations, the United States, it is said, will consider as final the reply to its second note, which Baron Zwiedinek informed Secretary Lansing today probably would arrive sometime before Wednesday.

Mr. Frick, according to tentative plans, will pay the children the amount of their deposit, plus interest.

Mr. Frick has been informed that the bank had been closed and a gloom fell over the city.

When Mr. Frick, who is in New York, was informed that thousands of children were depositors, he at once communicated with H. C. McElroy, president of another local bank, and announced that he would take the sum of the fund in such a way that the school children would not lose a cent.

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## AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA AT ODDS OVER POLAND.

Franz Josef May Make Peace when Teuton Tide Ebbs, Says Historian.

Vienna Charges Germans Take the Credit for Their Achievements; Germans Retort Their Allies are Failures and Hungarian Cowardice Prevented a Victorious Settlement of the War Many Months Ago.

BY JOHN R. BALDERSTON.  
[SPECIAL FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.]

LONDON, Dec. 4.—Increasing friction between the governing parties of Austria-Hungary and Germany has been reported within the past few weeks to the governments of the allied powers from sources which the British Foreign Office considers reliable. The discussion of such subjects in the press of the central empire is absolutely forbidden, but the fact that the Teutonic rulers manage to keep their differences to themselves does not prove that the united front they present to the world is quite as genuine as they want the world to believe.

There is a strong opinion, both here and in Paris, that if the Entente armies win smashing victories in the campaigns of next year Austria may decide to ally and conclude a separate peace by which it will make territorial concessions to Russia, Italy, Rumania and Servia and resume her old position as a state of the German empire and the rival of humiliated Prussia for the place of leadership which Bismarck won from Franz Josef in the war of 1866.

REINACH'S BELIEF.

Joseph Reinach, the French historian and publicist, who believes the war will be ended by such an arrangement. "We are pursuing the war," he said, "in order to free both from Austria and Germany all the irredentist territories, according to the rights of nationalities. There can be no doubt about this. Any doubt would be an insult. Austria would have therefore to accept great territorial sacrifices in order to get a separate peace. On the other hand, by concluding a separate peace, she would have a right to territorial compensations that she would have no chance to obtain by keeping her lot with Germany, who induced her to embark on this criminal enterprise."

"These compensations would necessarily be conceded at the expense of the present German empire, and more especially of Prussia. It is evidently impossible to state definitely now under what conditions and when the Slav, Polish and Italian provinces to their rightful owners, could re-enter Germany and act as formerly as a counterpoise to Prussia and the countries of the old Northern Confederation. But one thing is clear, the origin of all the evils from which Germany has so cruelly suffered for half a century dates from the mastery of Prussia over all Germany, or, in other words, from the exclusion of Austria from Germany. The logical conclusion is to replace a new Austria in the German group."

The loss of the Slav and Italian provinces would bring Austria back to her real Germanic destinies, destinies which she sacrificed, to her own misfortune, to conquests which have throughout been incompatible with the nature of things and the will of peoples."

CURRENT RUMORS.

Setting aside all rumors about the readiness of Austria to conclude a separate peace at the present time, which may or may not be accurate, the following bones of contention between Austria-Hungary and Prussia are said by British diplomats to offer the best chance with the day of military misfortune dawning that the Teutonic alliance may break up from within.

First, Austria's grievances against Prussia will be considered, then Prussia's complaints against her allies.

Ruling circles in both Austria and Hungary are moping about Poland. They assumed, until the middle of last summer, that Germany intended to turn Poland over to a Hapsburg prince, and elaborate plans were formed in Vienna for an autonomous Polish state, including Galicia, to be dependent upon the dual empire. The

August.

## ELECTION IN GREECE TRIUMPH FOR VENIZELOS.

BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.

PARIS, Dec. 24, 5:50 a.m.—The Athens correspondent of the Figaro sends an interview secured from M. Venizelos, former Greek Premier, concerning the recent Parliamentary elections in Greece in which the adherents of M. Gounaris, Minister of the Interior, were successful and in which the Venizelos party abstained in most cases from going to the polls. The correspondent quotes M. Venizelos as follows:

"The elections were a brilliant triumph of my policy and ideas. A great majority of the voters abstained from voting. I am entitled to say that the result was the most important than that of last May. It is in vain that my opponents attempt to explain the abstentions by the mobilization. It must not be forgotten that we had 100,000 men with the colors last May and that the army

BRITISH CHANGE  
EXPORT EMBARGO.

BY A. NIGHT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The American Consul-General at London notified the State Department today of the following changes in the British export embargo:

Female pin iron and steel smelting scrap, prohibited to all countries; bichromate of soda, bladders and leather skins, cobaltous and its preparation, solid drawn steel tubes, wireless telegraphy, prohibited except to British possessions; material for telegraph and vegetable fibers and yarn made therefrom, not including linen thread, prohibited to all countries.

Norway has placed an embargo on the export of rubber cement, and sandines preserved in lard.

HEAR MESSAGE  
FROM BURIAN.

BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.

PARIS, Dec. 24, 4:15 p.m.—It is announced that Gen. G. F. L. Piarron de Mondeval has visited King Peter of Serbia and presented him with the war cross conferred upon him by France. The general also handed to the King a letter from President Poincaré.

King Peter, moved by this evidence of friendship, it is said, kissed the war cross before it was pinned to his breast.

Only one "Bronze Quinine."

It is to be sold in full name LARAZETTE QUININE, 100 mg. for a sum of £. W. GROVE. Quinine 100 mg. in one day. 250.

## Best Navy.

(Continued from First Page.)

shows recommendations for four dreadnaughts and four battle cruisers with an equally large programme for destroyers and contemplated an expenditure roughly estimated at \$60,000,000 the first year, as compared with \$200,000,000 to be spent for new ships in five years, and the administration plan.

The board does not state that the British fleet could be reduced by 1928 by continuing the first year's programme, but indicates that heavier expenditures would follow if shipbuilding facilities were increased in accordance with its recommendations.

In giving out the report, Secretary Duffield said: "It is the opinion of the General Board as to building programmes made during the present year had been made public.

He called attention again to the fact that he had set a special report for publishing the annual report of the British Foreign Office, which had been issued to the previous secretary of the navy. The report under discussion and the publication of which some members of Congress have stated they would demand, he said, was a special report, the substance of which already had been disclosed.

TEXT OF REPORT.

Following is the report:

"July 20, 1915.

"Confidential.

"From President, General Board.

"To Secretary of the Navy.

"Subject: Naval policy with present resources."

"In compliance with the oral order of the Secretary of the Navy to express its opinion at the earliest practicable date, as to a policy which should govern the development of the navy and building programme, the General Board has issued the following:

"Policy: The navy of the United States should ultimately be equal to the most powerful maintained by any other nation of the world. It should be gradually increased to this point by such a rate of increase as will not be likely to permit the naval forces who spring from the proudest traditions in the world and themselves forced to obey the orders of Prussians who they consider their social inferiors. This is causing a tumult in the highest army circles."

"In the upper classes, who control the country, are indignant at the assumption of the German General Staff of complete control over the Austro-Hungarian armies and blame the aged Emperor for having consented to such a 'humiliation.' During the first six months of fighting, the Austro-Hungarian armies fought without distinction, but the world is not yet clear that the Kaiser intends, if he can, to hold Poland for the German empire.

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SATURDAY MORNING.

## Los Angeles Daily Times.

DECEMBER 23, 1915.—[PART I.] 3

Washington.

TO LOAN MONEY  
TO THE FARMERS.Land Bill is Ready for Pres-  
entation to Congress.Provides for Supplying Funds  
on Easy Terms.System of Regional Banks to  
Control Business.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—A land bill, which is expected to have the approval of the administration, was completed today by a subcommittee of the Joint Congressional Committee on Rural Credits. Senator W. E. Borland, of South Dakota, has been authorized to present the bill to the full committee on the 21st. Already it has been introduced by practically the membership of the committee. The bill would provide a comprehensive mortgage credits system under the control and supervision of the Federal land bank board, of five Federal land banks, of five Federal land bank boards, of five Federal land bank districts each with a capital of \$100,000 to be issued in \$100 notes for purchase by the public, and stock not to be issued by a bank or organization contemplated in the bill would be subscribed by the government.

TIGHTENS LINES  
AROUND GERMANY.ENGLAND FORBIDS EXPORTA-  
TION OF GOODS INTO SWIT-  
ZERLAND.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

LONDON, Dec. 24.—By a royal proclamation published in to-night's *Gazette*, the exportation to Switzerland of virtually everything that is serviceable to Germany is prohibited unless consigned to the *Societe Suisse de Surveillance Economique*, which corresponds with the Netherlands overseas trust, with which the government has a similar agreement.

Thus the British policy of preventing goods from reaching Germany through neutral countries has been carried a step farther.

SAN FRANCISCO  
HAS CITY TREE.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 24.—San Francisco celebrated Christmas Eve tonight with an opulent celebration at the new civic center. There was a Christmas tree which had been brought from the city's own forest in the Hetch-Hetchy Valley and there was a concert which was enjoyed by more than 1,000 people.

Alice Grotto was the principal singer and the programme included carols by choirs from San Francisco churches.

A special Christmas tree for children will be the attraction tomorrow in the grounds of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

SING CAROLS  
IN THE STREETS.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 24.—In spite of a snowstorm hundreds of persons gathered in a public square in the downtown district at nightfall here today to watch the illumination of the great magnum Christmas carol.

This guaranteed the American Red Cross were unable to give their units having been withdrawn from Europe. They have recently applied for permits for a very large consignment of rubber goods on account of the Netherlands Society, for the use of the German Red Cross in Southeastern Europe, including 2000 meters of rubber tubing and 2000 square meters of rubber sheeting. This is the second view of recent attempts to smuggle rubber into Germany, requires careful consideration and is now before the allied governments.

"It is absolutely untrue that the prohibition has not been extended to all persons in the State Department and the Red Cross Society," he informed of the above-mentioned circumstances in letters, dated the 21st and 22nd instant.

HALF A MILLION  
BRITISH LOSSES.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

LONDON, Dec. 24.—Replies to a written question by P. A. Molteno, member of the House of Commons, Premier Asquith today gave the total British casualties up to December 9, as 58,227.

Detailed figures of the casualties as given by Premier Asquith, corrected the figures concerning losses at the Dardanelles given yesterday in the House of Commons. At that time the Premier gave the total British losses as 112,921, a smaller total than the Premier gave today for the operations to December 9. The casualties were distributed as follows:

Killed—Officers, 452; other ranks, 27,473. Wounded—Officers, 944; other ranks, 241,359. Missing—Officers, 169; other ranks, 52,681. Total officers and men, 557,958.

Dardanelles: Killed—Officers, 1667; other ranks, 24,500. Wounded—Officers, 3028; other ranks, 72,751. Missing—Officers, 356; other ranks, 12,194.

Total officers and men, 114,555. Other theaters: Killed—Officers, 871; other ranks, 10,548. Wounded—Officers, 694; other ranks, 10,955. Missing—Officers, 100; other ranks, 2518.

Total officers and men, 25,884. Grand total, 528,227.

## FOURTH DEATH BY GAS.

Joseph Peona Passes Away at Grand Valley as the Result of the Gas Explosion.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

ST. PAUL (Minn.) Dec. 24.—Community Christmas tree celebrations were held tonight in many of the cities and towns of the central Northwest. Wants of the poor were well taken care of in every community.

Wants of the poor were well taken care of in every community. The foreign-born numbered 210, while more than 100 persons 16 years of age or over who were unable to work were given work.

July 1, 1910, 888 aliens of foreign birth in the total population of that town were given work.

Community Christmas tree was given to the poor in the city of San Diego, Calif., and the surrounding territory wishes to clearly indicate the character of communications by the Bureau of Naturalization.

United States Department of Citizenship, Candidates for citizenship, a new realization of their educational deficiencies and appreciating the value of their knowledge of English, so their may be improved.

DENIES GIFT  
OF TWO MILLION.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Mrs. Josephine del Drago today denied that she had given \$2,000,000 to the Queen of Italy for distribution among soldiers' families, as reported in a dispatch from Rome last night.

"Among the several contributions I have made to the Red Cross and other organizations was one of \$2000 to a society which is under the auspices of the Queen of Italy," Mrs. Del Drago said. "This gift was apparently raised to \$2,000,000 through an error in transmission."

## COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

Several Towns in the Northwest Combine and Spread Cheer to the Poor and Needy.

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## JONES STARTER

\$5.00 Complete

Can be applied to any car. On Exhibition Daily at the following places:

Wallace O. Gates—Pico & Hill.  
Hewitt Bros., 1809 Main St.  
Roe & Schreiber, East 7th & Santa Fe.  
SIDELMAN & SIDELMAN  
Distributors

Main 2124 822 Black Building 4455

FOOTBALL GAME  
AND RACE TODAY.

INTELLIGENCE  
SANTA ANA, Dec. 25.—Two events arranged for Christmas Day are a football game between the Santa Ana High School and alumni of the High School, and a race meet at the Santa Ana race track under the auspices of the Santa Ana Driving Club. Five contests have been arranged for the races, including a quarter-mile running race, Laddie, the blind horse owned by C. J. Schults, is entered in the 3:30 mixed event.

1915

## Merry Christmas

To All McKee's

518-520-522 So. Spring Street.

Come With Us! Big Time!  
A DINNER GRAND  
Served Up Until Midnight  
With All the Trimmings and Fixings  
A SUPERB CABARET  
SPECIAL NUMBERS  
(16) STARS (16)

Reserve Your Table  
Christmas and New Year's  
Phone Ex.—10076; Main 4844.

Maxwell

## Motor Non-Stop Mileage

A. A. A. Sanction No. 888.

Reliability, 16217.5 total miles to 4 p.m. yesterday.  
Consistency, 504.4 miles averaged daily.  
Economy, 22.5 miles per gallon of gasoline.

Maxwell Started Nov. 22nd, at 12:30 p.m.

## STILL RUNNING

Best Farmer official record for similar test, 12,404.5 miles.

LORD MOTORCARCO

Main 5470

Eleventh and Hope Streets

Phone us any time for the Maxwell mileage.

10346

MOTOR CAR  
DEALERS  
ASSOCIATION  
DIRECTORY

BEARDSLEY ELECTRIC — Beardsley Electric Co., 1250-1260 W. 7th. Home phone 53018; Pac. Wil. 788.

FRANKLIN and SCRIPPS-BOOTH.  
Rauch & Lang and BAKER ELECTRICALS. R. C. HAMLIN, 1040 South Flower. Phones: 60249, Main 7877.

BUICK — HOWARD AUTO CO., 1323 S. Flower St. Home 60009. Main 9040.

CHALMERS—HUPMOBILE—Greer-Robbins Co., Twelfth and Flower Streets. Broadway 5410; A1187.

CHANDLER—Chandler Motor Car Co. of Cal. 1144 So. Hope St. Main 3459, F5047.

TIMES DIRECTORY  
of Automobiles

Dodge

Cadillac—G. M. C. Trucks.  
Twelfth and Main Streets.  
Main 5100Tires and  
Accessories

Moon

Lynn C. Buxton,  
Pico at Olive.  
Main 577—F6851.

Stearns

Saxon

Saxon Six Touring Car,  
F. O. B. Factory ... \$785  
Saxon Four-Cylinder Roadster,  
F. O. B. ... \$395

SAXON MOTOR SALES CO.

1160 SOUTH OLIVE STREET.

Metz

Metz touring model \$665 fully equipped F.O.B. Los Angeles.

Now on exhibition. See our catalog for details.

Metz COMPANY

Main 944

118 West Pico

Home 2242

HERE

\$685

Metz

Exclusive High  
Grade Automobiles

A4847. 1002 South Olive Street. Main 2288.

Mercer

Simplex

Moreland

DISTILLATE MOTOR TRUCKS

Manufactured in Los Angeles By

Moreland Motor Truck Co., North Main and Willard

Moreland

DODGE &amp; DENBY TRUCKS

Gas and Distillate Trucks Manufactured by

PACIFIC METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY

Main Office and Works, Torrance, Calif. Phone 14501. Pacific Metal Products Co., Inc.

Salesroom and Service Station, 1228-30 South Flower Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Factory Branch, San Francisco, Cal.

Moreland

DISTILLATE MOTOR TRUCKS

Manufactured in Los Angeles By

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Moreland

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## News From Cities and Towns South of Tehachepi's Top.

Pasadena.

GLAD TO LIVE FOR CHRISTMAS.

Santa Fe "Angel" Spares Father for His Children.

Locomotive Carries Auto in Pasadena Wreck.

Hundreds of Persons Fed by Eager Committees.

FIRE WIRE.

Following from Charles Weegman said Mr. Taft's return meeting him to the purchase of the ticket to go to Te-

President of the returned from a meeting that the deal might not be

Johnson, the service and Weegman to withdraw the name of Mr. Weeg-

man has faith in the

OME TO OLD TODAY.

ERS TO MEET REPORT OF BILES.

play all hours this afternoon at an Iridium

usually on Christmas to be necessary and Scottish houses which bunch is always a

likely when an Irish

nearly neutral member. There are but

are apt to arise

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All hours

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B. Weegman

C. Weegman

D. Weegman

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X. Weegman

Y. Weegman

Z. Weegman

Holtville.

WOMAN'S DIRE THREAT FOUND IN ACID NOTE.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

HOLLYWOOD, Dec. 24.—The police

theory that the nitric acid fluid

who last night sprayed Claude

a drug clerk, with the mortad

believed he was aiming at

the contractor for the job he

was to do, was strengthened to

by a note secured by Sheriff Ap-

lested.

him once and I will get him

is the substance of the note,

Sheriff Apsted. "Maybe then

I won't run round with different

military men in front of me."

24.—Mr. R. L. Rutherford

a contract for the

the four-odd

He will make

a new





THE CITY  
AND ENVIRONS.

## EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD

## Main in Battle.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gibson of No. 1631 South Flower street received a cable message yesterday containing news of the death of their nephew, Lieut. Hamid-Macdonald of the Royal North Highlanders. He was killed in action at the European battle front. Judgment Affirmed.

The District Court of Appeal has affirmed the judgment of the Imperial County court and Judge Franklin J. Cole in the action brought by Imperial Water Company No. 1, against Lucy Hayes and others, allowing limited use and distribution of water over the woman's land.

## National Preparedness.

The monthly meeting of the Ministerial Union of Los Angeles and vicinity will be held at the Y.M.C.A. at 10:30 o'clock Monday morning. The meeting will be addressed by Reynold E. Blight on the subject of "National Preparedness" and a discussion will follow to be opened by Dr. William Hayes.

## Will Keep Open House.

Elaborate arrangements are being made by the Immigration Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association for the keeping of "open houses" on New Year's Day, from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. at the Los International Institute, No. 1315 Pleasant avenue. The foreign young women of the institute will assist.

## Ad Club's Christmas.

The members of the Los Angeles Advertising Club will celebrate Christmas as an organization by giving joy to the little inmates of the Children's Home at Twenty-fifth and Griffith avenue between 12 and 1 o'clock today. There will be gifts for everybody, the club having raised over \$150 for the purpose.

## Brown's Limited Book.

Including the restoration of the De luxe Limited to service between Chicago and this city and minor changes in the schedules of local trains, a new time card will be come effective on the Santa Fe, January 9. The De Luxe, as in the past, will be limited to one a week in either direction between Chicago and this city, leaving terminals at 6 o'clock in the evening.

## Christmas at Federal Building.

United States District Attorney Schoonover yesterday received a handsome thermos pitcher as a holiday gift from his assistants. Marshal Walton received a smoking set from his office attaches. The doors of a number of the offices were closed at 4 o'clock this noon in order to allow the employees to do their belated Christmas shopping. The only department doing business today will be the post office, and this is rendered necessary by the deluge of holiday mail.

## Journalist's Widow Dead.

Mrs. Nettie M. Jenkins, widow of the late Donelson C. Jenkins, who in his day was one of the famous newspaper men of the South, died Thursday at the home of her brother-in-law, Dr. Arthur C. Jenkins, No. 2309 West Twenty-first street, this city. Mr. Jenkins formerly edited newspapers in New Orleans, Galveston and Dallas. He died in this city about eight years ago. Funeral services for Mrs. Jenkins will be held in Rosedale Cemetery at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon.

## Temple B'nai Brit.

Sabbath service at Temple B'nai Brit will be held this evening at 8 o'clock. Services tomorrow at 10:45 o'clock with the Juvenile Sabbath service preceding at 8:45 o'clock. Rabbi Magnis will preach this evening, taking for his subject: "Up from Slavery—Booker T. Washington." Dr. Hecht will read the service this evening, and speak to the morning on "Israel's Sons of Restitution." The music will be according to Prof. Sulzser and Miss K. Christine will render the contralto solo this evening.

## Piano Concert Tonight.

The last of the series of outdoor Christmas entertainments given by the Municipal Playground Commission will be held tonight in the old Plaza Park, especially for the Mexican and other foreign residents. The concert will be from 8 to 10 o'clock, and will be followed by a dance. Spanish dances will give fancy dancing. The Saville Trio, now playing at the Hippodrome, will give selections from popular operas and fancy dancing.

## Age for Advice.

[Kansas City Journal:] The wise guy who said that man was intellectually at his best at the age of 23 ought to take a squint at the personnel of the new French Cabinet, thinks Henry Allen. Charles de Frey, first is 51. Emile Combes is 52, and Fallier is 53. For these men are it is the oldest ministry in the history of France, and is also reputed to be the wisest.

—and the Worst is Yet to Come

OCHINVAR'S  
PRIZE WEDS.

Girl for Whom "Mystery Lad" Braved Detention Home Another's Bride.

Charles Forbes, the mystery youth, whose escapades in this city culminated when, posing as a Lochinvar, he broke into Juvenile Hall and attempted to carry off Miss Jessie Ridley, a ward of the court, was forgotten yesterday by the girl who had captured his wayward heart. For yesterday Miss Ridley became the bride of John Legier, information about whom is carefully concealed by the Juvenile Court authorities.

Miss Ridley repudiated Forbes.

She declared she met him incidentally when he was a truant at Juvenile Hall. She said she did not love him and in saying it smiled beamingly on Mr. Legier. So while her erstwhile lover was in the custody of officers under a grave charge, Miss Ridley became the wife of a trickster man, with the permission of Judge Reeve. The latter presented the happy groom with his Christmas wife with the hope that he would always cherish the girl. Mr. and Mrs. Legier started East on a honeymoon trip.

AUTO IS BURNED;  
RIDERS INJURED.

MACHINE TURNS TURTLE AND BLAZES DOWNTOWN; TWO ARE VICTIMS.

Turning turtle and then catching fire, an automobile was wrecked and two men were injured at Sixth and Hill streets early last night. The machine, according to the police, skidded on the wet and then struck the curb.

The two injured, Morris Beller, a newsboy, and Barrett Bunbury, No. 1529 Cambria street, were taken to the Receiving Hospital, both suffering from concussion of the brain, and up to a late hour yesterday were in a coma. Mr. Beller is expected to recover from the accident. Mr. Bunbury, who the police declare was driving the car, was treated also for a broken left arm, and Beller for a lacerated face.

The police discovered that when the car struck the curb it contained four men. Two of the passengers, among them Mr. Beller and Mr. Bunbury, were not located. The affair will be investigated further today. The automobile is registered to Mrs. Grace Bunbury, the mother of Barrett Bunbury.

The Call of the Links.

[Boston Transcript:] "Jock, mon. I'll go for a round on the links in the morn."

"The morn?" echoed Jock dubiously.

"Ay, mon. the morn. I'll go for a round if ye like."

"Ay, weel," said Jock. "I'll go ye. But I intended to get marrit i' the morn."

BUSINESS BREVITIES  
(Advertising.)

The magnificent illustrated Midwinter Number of The Times, out January 1, 1916, is carefully and studiously read by persons in every State in the Union, and affords classified advertising, lending opportunity to exploit everything that can be bought, sold or exchanged. Five cents a word. All classifications close December 25, 1915. Display advertising rates furnished on application.

The Rosslyn Hotel, Fifth and Main streets, will serve two special Christmas dinners today, from 12 to 2 and from 4:30 p.m. to 7:30 p.m. Imperial Valley milk-fed, young turkeys will be served. Cranberry sauce, roast pig, apple sauce, plum pudding, pumpkin pie, choices California fruits, etc. Meals 75 cents. Hart Brothers proprietors.

For quick-action drop answers to trivial questions, call the telephone in downtown office buildings. The locations of the boxes are printed in the first column of The Times "User" section.

For Lease—All or part of store in best block on Spring street. For particular see Jonathan S. Dodge, 255 South Hill, 60256. Main 2583.

The Times Branch Office, No. 619 South Spring street. Advertisements and subscriptions taken.

Radium for Rheumatism. 225 W. 3d.

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The Times

LOS ANGELES

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1915.—EDITORIAL SECTION.

POPULATION By the Federal Census (1910) 800,000  
By the City Directory (1915) 800,000

Grand Jury Delivers Volleys of Charges.

Report Bristles with Allegations of Incompetence and Worse.

County Departments Scored for Jumbling of the Jolts for County Clerk and Auditor, for Boarding System, the Mechanical Department, the Hospital and Some Others.

1915 Los Angeles county grand jury filed its final report with Presiding Judge Wood of the Superior Court yesterday afternoon.

It bristles with charges of inefficiency and improper methods

in county property, books and other matters.

Here are some of the allegations:

County Clerk Leland has manipulated funds collected on game licenses and is unable or unwilling to account for \$1169.

He has the system in the Auditor's office a jumble and the books

misinterpret, their own accounts.

Sheriff Cline has received more than his due for feeding pris-

oners in the County Jail.

The County Board of Education has wasted \$150,000 of the

money by haphazard purchasing.

The Public Defender has wasted money appealing cases on

time.

There are among the recommendations the grand jury makes:

abolition of every criminal convicted of two felonies.

abolition of campes in the desert.

abolition for faithful county employees.

abolition of homes for delinquent and for dependent children.

abolition of reports of C

on the account of accounts in the grand jury. They

and inexplicable con-

cerning the accounting of practically

the office and call particular

attention to the status of affairs in

the County Clerk Leland's

and Auditor's office.

There is no cor-

on the United States whose

approximate \$16,

which is so care-

of the property of its stockholders

in the report, and continues

to the stockholders of the corporation, the tax-

county, should help to

the stockholders.

County Clerk Leland's

estimate of the funds of the State

and its business transactions, and

that it will be im-

possible to have an accurate ac-

counts until the end of the

year.

According to the report, many of

the accounts of departments are kept

separate and there is no record of

them with the Auditor.

"Such a system has resulted in care-

lessness in the report, accompanied by inadequate and ineffi-

cient audit of the revenues and the

expenses of the county. The remedy

is in the installation of a modern

accounting system, a plan which

has been suggested, and an ap-

propriation for which has been placed in

the tentative budget to be given at

the Board of Supervisors."

The mechanical department is se-

verely criticised for the looseness of

its business methods. At the county

there are three departments as to

whether the department or the Audi-

tor should handle the accounts, which

has resulted in much confusion.

Private cars are kept at the garage,

among them being one that belongs

to Supervisor Pridham. Incompetency

which the State

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Manger Scene in the Beautiful "Story of the Nativity."



Sarah Truax as Mary, the Mother of the Child,

Last night in the impressive masque before tens of thousands of reverent spectators in Exposition Park. It is the largest production of the kind ever given in Los Angeles, is absolutely free to the public, and will be repeated tonight.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

BY ROSE E. ELLERBE.

THE dream of youth that dies hardest, the one that lives again with the coming of each Christmastide, is that of the power to give the gifts one would like to give—to be able to lift the burden from heavy hearts; to leave joy in place of sorrow; to bestow comfort and happiness to anxious, unglad minds.

In that blissful dream we put into the thin hand of a woman who is facing the terror of hopeless poverty and dependence the assurance of bread and shelter for the rest of her life—it is all she asks of the world; we double the income of those old people who exist on \$12 a month—and it is done—\$24 a month means wealth to them. In this moment of fancy we grant the heart's desire, be it bauble or treasure, of the little one who has known only the stifling of every wish; to the child of poverty, born with music hunger and enchantment in the finger tips, we offer the opportunity for study—and send symphony concert tickets.

In this wonderful hour of dreams we pay off the mortgage that is a nightmare to that man with a sick wife and a none-too-certain pay envelope; and we lend that other man, with the growing family and the shrinking income, the little fund that will give him an interest in the business and a new lease on life and hope.

Then there is the young girl—we all know her—who is working her own way to an education. She has always worn her winter coat in summer time and her spring coat in the winter, because she could never afford to buy her suit in the season; her boots are shabby when her gloves are new, and her finger tips worn when her feet are newly shod—she shall have a complete and suitable outfit, from hat to sole, from inside out. And there's the little old woman who speaks no language but her birth tongue—Spanish—and whose heart has been eaten for twenty years, now, with homesickness for a sight of the crumbling adobe walls and the broken olive trees of her home—and it is only a few hours away. She shall stand once more beneath the loved shadows and possess a memory that will gladden the few remaining days of her life.

With the wand of the magician we take a delicate, gently-bred girl from the killing atmosphere of a basement saleroom and give her a place where she may earn bread for herself and her mother in healthful, congenial labor; we send that hollow-cheeked boy with the rasping throat to the great out-of-door sanatorium with a chance to work in dry, healing air; we add the beds and the equipment that shall enable the Children's Hospital to care for every sufferer needing its aid; we see that the young mother, left with little ones, shall have a home where her children may grow up with mother love watching over them and the ties and responsibilities of home to make them men and women worth while.

Then, the illusion breaks! We come back to the knowledge that it is but a dream, and, even though the dream were true, even though we had lightened these hearts and eased these burdens, there are other countless other souls—whom no earthly power, however magical, could reach. And, once again, we remember the meaning of Christmas Day—the marvelous story of One whose love and healing touch is sufficient to all. One whose power can bestow peace of heart to every creature of the world—and they would receive it.

UNPROFITABLE SALE.

FIRE HORSES HURT.

Collide with Hook and Ladder Truck on Way to Warehouse Fire and are Immediately Liable to Duty.

Capt. E. A. Blair of the gasoline launch Freda has been cited to appear at the office of the collector of customs in the Federal Building and answer the charge of bringing two turtles, weighing sixty pounds each, into the district without the payment of duty.

About a week ago the Freda put in at San Diego, and Capt. Blair reported to the customs officials that he had two large turtles aboard that he had caught at Magdalena Bay. They were billed as "sea stores" which are not liable to duty.

Later on, he steamed up to Long Beach, where he sold the turtles to the chef of the Virginia Hotel for \$6.60. That set took the testifying reptiles out of the "sea-store" class, and it will cost Capt. Blair. It is believed, about \$8 to settle with the government.

Under the law, almost any sort of goods or chattels can be labeled "sea stores" and entered free, but they must be used by the crew and not sold.

The fire started in the blower carrying the chaff from the coffee oven to the roof, where it spread to the wind. The friction in the blower ignited the floury chaff, but the fire was confined to a meager corner on the fifth floor of the structure. No serious damage was done.

While Rags and Tags were turning

the chaff from the coffee oven to

the roof, where it spread to the

wind. The friction in the blower

ignited the floury chaff, but the fire

was confined to a meager corner on

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stores" and entered free, but they must

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GREATEST STORY TOLD  
BENEATH HAPPY STARS.

Thousands Drink in Rare Beauty that Hallows Nativity Pageant.

Night of Charm Broads Above Bright Scene as the Christ-theme is Purely Told, and There is a Song in the Air—Spectacle will be Repeated Again this Evening for All Who Wish to See.

BY HENRY CHRISTEN WARNACK

A WAY back in the days of our young books, when each of us walked with his little dream and a red glow of happiness fell over the world like a mantle of light, in the days before we had found the little valleys of Poe or the white purity of Tennyson and Father Ryan, the majority of us had books of Biblical stories that took no thought of symbol or of creed, but that told us in pictures and in little words the story of the Babe in the manger and star that led the way to where the Christ-child lay.

Last night at Exposition Park we heard the story again, told as purely as in those days when we listened with eager ear, and this time the pictures were real and there was a song in the air.

Because nothing so interests people as more people, the magnitude of the attendance at the first night's production of the nativity play, the wonderful Christmas gift of Lillian Burkhardt, George and Louis, to the Los Angeles public comes first to mind.

Acres and acres and blocks of upturned faces greeted the participants in the lovely pageant. There must have been anywhere from 30,000 and 40,000 there. All Exposition Park was dotted with the wondrous night's design. If anything could have added to a perfect occasion, it was the effulgence of this almost tropic moon, set in the shining host of happy stars.

Never was there such a night for the Christmas message and it is doubtful if before there was a Christmas service of such utter loveliness. It was almost at the conclusion of the entertainment that the moon hung like a great golden vessel of flame just over the Armory, as though a part of the wondrous night's design. If anything could have added to a perfect occasion, it was the effulgence of this almost tropic moon, set in the shining host of happy stars.

All of the magic of a southern night in mid-June drew its perfumed draperies about this Christmas pageant and the stars shone in open faces. Night and the sky seemed fitting, as a becoming part of a luxurious setting for the divine drama. The stillness of the night was like the spirit of praise, the purple depths of the over-arching sky were like those prayers for which the dumb lips find no words, and the twinkling of the stars was like a song in the heart.

Something tugged at the heartstrings and there came to mind the memory of Tennyson's "Idylls," that steal from the depths of some dimly-veiled hen to the bright sunlight who conceived the plan to give the play and who managed its production, came to the stage clothed in white to read the prologue. It was night and the audience sat like little children in the dark, awaiting some surprise when Mrs. Goldsmith, smiling, came out from the shadows and broke the silence with a vibrant voice, which fell upon the ears of the vast multitude in golden measure.

There followed the shepherds, mad in their delight at the discovery of the star and then the richly-attired King of the South upon his camel and the aged and wise King of the East, humbly walking at the head of his caravan, in which there was an elephant that with measured tread carried the presents of the Orient.

These allusions, however, are denied by Gormley and Dalton, who declared they knew nothing of the accident to the young woman.

"We were on our way to the motion-picture studio when our machine was wrecked," Gormley told the police. "One of the tires on my machine blew out and the car turned over.

After the accident Gormley, who was driving profusely, walked to an apartment house near the black may, where he was arrested by the police.

REWARD OFFERED.

Fred Baker, president of the Automobile Club of Southern California, who arrived on the scene shortly

(Continued on Second Page.)

(Continued on Third Page.)

The

Southern California  
Music Company

extend hearty thanks to their many friends for favors received, and trust that one and all may enjoy a very

Merry Christmas

We have endeavored to supply only the very best in Music and Musical Merchandise, and appreciate your co-operation in making this the largest and most bountiful year in our history.

FRANK J. HART, President

332-34 South Broadway, Los Angeles.

Pasadena Riverside San Diego

722 South Broadway, Los Angeles.

122 South Broadway, Los Angeles.</

Captivated.  
LITTLE PEOPLE  
ENJOY SHOW.

1000 THOUSAND KIDDIES SEE  
CHILD OF PARADISE.

Music is Given for the Poor  
Children of the City at Morocco  
—Little Tots Feast Their  
Eyes on Strange Scenes of Drama  
in the Moroccan Islands.

BY GRACE KINGSLY.

"The Bird of Paradise" never  
was more brilliant to anybody's  
eye than it did to the 1,172 pairs of  
child eyes which opened very  
brightly, at the special matinee  
given for the poor children of the city  
at the "Child of Paradise" company. Even  
the mothers and state hands gen-  
erally attend the service in the  
lobby, preceding the perfor-  
mance of the piece, handed out  
candy to the little ones, as  
they drew up and alighted  
the machine lent for the occa-  
sion.

At the theater the youngsters  
sat in the chairs on the backs of  
the front of them, and feasted  
their eyes on the big spectacles,  
between acts they munched their  
candy, and the arias were followed by  
the bird's "goin' to show up."

A cut in a stage whisper in  
the midst of a tense scene. Miss  
Kingsley nearly smiled, and but  
then went on as before.

OLCANO THILLS THEM.

Two little Mexican children in the  
theater, who were the most inter-  
esting of the spectators, hanging on  
the orchestra pit and stand-  
ing a small man of 8 years  
old, who had been injured  
when the volcano exploded.

John Barant, one of a large num-  
ber of arrested bandits, brought in  
from the mountains, has had the  
return of honor valued at \$195. It is  
not improbable that judgment will be  
rendered in his favor, as the Arizona  
prohibition law fails to instruct con-  
cerning the disposition of inter-  
national felons, and it would appear  
that they can be held only as long as  
they are needed as evidence.

SNAKE OIL.

Despite the local scarcity of snake-  
bite remedy, a local resident has just  
closed a profitable season of rat-  
ing-snake hunting, whereby he  
accumulated forty-eight pounds of  
snake oil. This has been shipped  
to the manufacturer of a rheumatism  
remedy. His activity in the industry  
is indicated by the statement that it  
takes sixty snakes to provide a pound  
of oil.

On the other hand, it is reported  
from the mining field that Tom Reed  
engineers have been inspecting work-  
ings of the United Eastern. In Oat-  
man mining circles it is believed that  
the officers of both companies will  
decide on some definite proposition  
soon.

The Tom Reed property is the old-  
est and most noted property in the  
district. The United Eastern is the  
most successful of the newer mines,  
and the one that started the boom in  
the Oatman field. Should the deal be  
concluded, it will be worth over a  
million dollars, it is believed. It is  
said that the United Eastern may buy  
the Tom Reed outright, giving that  
company a certain amount of stock  
for its holdings or a cash considera-  
tion.

Tom Reed made a brief talk  
with the children and the city's chief  
made a fine impression, for  
the spectators, hanging on  
the orchestra pit and stand-  
ing a small man of 8 years  
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when the volcano exploded.

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they are needed as evidence.

ENTERTAIN "BAD MAN."

A. W. Robbins and his wife, who  
now live in San Francisco, formerly  
lived in Home Colony. In the action  
of the defense, however, their wife's  
reputation was bad, but under cross-  
examination they admitted that, not-  
withstanding his "terrible" character,  
they took him into their home in San  
Francisco.

"You took him in when you knew  
of his bad reputation?" Attorney  
Keyes asked.

"Yes, we knew it," both said.

The witness would not say that  
their estimation of Reserve lessened  
when they learned he had been largely  
instrumental in the capture of  
Schild and Caplan.

Phil Hart, a cutter in a tailor's  
shop, used to work in Tacoma, and  
live in Home Colony. He said he  
lived there because it was a nice place.  
He declared Reserve's character was  
very bad.

George J. Henley, who said he had  
had years of experience in the  
dilution of dynamite, was called an  
expert by the defense, but he got lit-  
tle further than to tell the jury  
where he had worked. Then Attorney  
Job Harriman propounded a couple of  
lengthy hypothetical questions in con-  
nection with dynamite and concrete  
floors, but the court sustained the  
objection of Attorney Keyes.

ATTORNEY KEYES.

Harry T. Scott, both plaintiff and formerly  
employed by The Times, made a number  
of statements under direct exam-  
ination which they changed when un-  
der the fire of Attorney Keyes. The  
latter read to them their testimony  
before the grand jury of 1912, and  
then asked if their assertions might not coincide.  
Both were working in the Times  
Building on the night of the explosion,  
which they said sounded like a  
roar or rumble. They saw a lot of  
debris falling through a hole near the  
ink tank, but were not sure about  
the ink tank.

Before the grand jury W. P. Scott  
testified that the explosion knocked  
him down and stunned him. In refer-  
ence to his being knocked down, At-  
torney Keyes read the following from  
the transcript: "It sure did. It came  
right through the floor and then came  
right through me."

It was obvious that the defense was  
trying to shoot by these young men  
that the explosion was caused by gas  
rather than dynamite.

Two other witnesses said the explo-  
sion produced a rumbling sound, but  
declined to say if it was immediate-  
ly after or did not know whether there  
was a big hole in the floor. "It  
took me about two seconds to get  
out," he said.

For the first time since the opening  
of the trial the name of Charles Hagg-  
erty was mentioned. All of the wit-  
nesses who were in the basement on  
the night of the explosion spoke of  
seeing him a few moments before the  
explosion.

Attorney Coghill stated that the  
defense will close its case by noon  
Monday, and asked for an early ad-  
journment, which was granted.

Judge Coghill showed great sympathy  
for the jurors, who must remain with  
the deputy sheriffs over Christmas,  
and asked the officers to show the  
men as good a time as possible under  
the circumstances. The jurors will  
be treated to a turkey dinner today,  
an auto ride in the afternoon and  
a theater party tonight.

WOMAN FAINTS.

Anna Erickson, convicted of passing  
a worthless check to secure funds with  
which to get a divorce from her hus-  
band, fainted in court yesterday morn-  
ing while her attorney presented her  
probation for her. This would have  
been granted last week by Judge  
Houser had it not been for the fact  
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in an adverse report. In this he  
states the young woman had been  
involved in a raid on the Gas Hotel  
the night of December 12. Attorney  
Hahn declared she had gone there to  
upbraid a friend for misconduct and  
she was guiltless of any wrongdoing  
herself. The court continued the  
matter until January 4.

The Dynamite Trial.

NO CHARGE FOR  
MAIMING MEN.

Infamous Gas-pipe Squad of  
1910 Worked Gratis.

"Nothing Paid for Violence,"  
Defense Evidence.

Schmidt Jury to Get Turkey  
and Auto Ride Today.

Another batch of former residents  
of Home Colony, a settlement of an-  
archists, was placed upon the stand  
yesterday by the defense in the trial of M. A. Schmidt, in an  
effort to blacken the character of Don-  
ald Vose Meesore, one of the State's  
strongest witnesses.

Then several San Francisco labor  
leaders testified in regard to the  
money that was spent here during  
the strike of 1910, all of them de-  
claring that every penny was ac-  
counted for and not a dollar was used  
for any work of violence. These men  
were Andrew J. Gallagher, John  
Walsh, Benjamin B. Rosenthal and  
Paul Scharenberg.

"I think it has been well established  
what became of the \$7000 sent to  
Tweltnoo by the testimony of these  
various reputable gentlemen," Attorney  
McKenzie said.

The defense attempted to introduce  
evidence to show that much of the  
money was spent for the care of  
"starving" children, and Dist.-Atty.  
Woolwine asked if such testimony  
was in respect to the children of any  
of the men who were murdered by  
the explosion. Attorney McKenzie  
quickly answered that it was used for  
children of the strikers.

The State made no attempt to re-  
fute the testimony of the northern  
labor leaders in respect to the financial  
condition of the children of the  
strikers, but directed several  
questions about the Tweltnoo check.  
Mr. Scharenberg could not remember  
whether he had seen the check. Later  
he said, "I don't think I saw the  
check because it was cashed by the  
State Building Trades Council."

Tweltnoo appeared in the courtroom  
after Attorney Coghill had informed  
him he would be arrested if he did  
not obey the State's subpoena, but he  
was not placed upon the stand. Pre-  
viously in the day the \$1000 check  
had been identified and that was all  
the prosecution wanted with him.

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"Nothing Paid for Violence,"  
Defense Evidence.

Schmidt Jury to Get Turkey  
and Auto Ride Today.

Another batch of former residents  
of Home Colony, a settlement of an-  
archists, was placed upon the stand  
yesterday by the defense in the trial of M. A. Schmidt, in an  
effort to blacken the character of Don-  
ald Vose Meesore, one of the State's  
strongest witnesses.

"I think it has been well established  
what became of the \$7000 sent to  
Tweltnoo by the testimony of these  
various reputable gentlemen," Attorney  
McKenzie said.

The defense attempted to introduce  
evidence to show that much of the  
money was spent for the care of  
"starving" children, and Dist.-Atty.  
Woolwine asked if such testimony  
was in respect to the children of any  
of the men who were murdered by  
the explosion. Attorney McKenzie  
quickly answered that it was used for  
children of the strikers.

Tweltnoo appeared in the courtroom  
after Attorney Coghill had informed  
him he would be arrested if he did  
not obey the State's subpoena, but he  
was not placed upon the stand. Pre-  
viously in the day the \$1000 check  
had been identified and that was all  
the prosecution wanted with him.

ENTERTAIN "BAD MAN."

A. W. Robbins and his wife, who  
now live in San Francisco, formerly  
lived in Home Colony. In the action  
of the defense, however, their wife's  
reputation was bad, but under cross-  
examination they admitted that, not-  
withstanding his "terrible" character,  
they took him into their home in San  
Francisco.

"You took him in when you knew  
of his bad reputation?" Attorney  
Keyes asked.

"Yes, we knew it," both said.

The witness would not say that  
their estimation of Reserve lessened  
when they learned he had been largely  
instrumental in the capture of  
Schild and Caplan.

Phil Hart, a cutter in a tailor's  
shop, used to work in Tacoma, and  
live in Home Colony. He said he  
lived there because it was a nice place.  
He declared Reserve's character was  
very bad.

George J. Henley, who said he had  
had years of experience in the  
dilution of dynamite, was called an  
expert by the defense, but he got lit-  
tle further than to tell the jury  
where he had worked. Then Attorney  
Job Harriman propounded a couple of  
lengthy hypothetical questions in con-  
nection with dynamite and concrete  
floors, but the court sustained the  
objection of Attorney Keyes.

ATTORNEY KEYES.

Harry T. Scott, both plaintiff and formerly  
employed by The Times, made a number  
of statements under direct exam-  
ination which they changed when un-  
der the fire of Attorney Keyes. The  
latter read to them their testimony  
before the grand jury of 1912, and  
then asked if their assertions might not coincide.  
Both were working in the Times  
Building on the night of the explosion,  
which they said sounded like a  
roar or rumble. They saw a lot of  
debris falling through a hole near the  
ink tank, but were not sure about  
the ink tank.

Before the grand jury W. P. Scott  
testified that the explosion knocked  
him down and stunned him. In refer-  
ence to his being knocked down, At-  
torney Keyes read the following from  
the transcript: "It sure did. It came  
right through the floor and then came  
right through me."

It was obvious that the defense was  
trying to shoot by these young men  
that the explosion was caused by gas  
rather than dynamite.

Two other witnesses said the explo-  
sion produced a rumbling sound, but  
declined to say if it was immediate-  
ly after or did not know whether there  
was a big hole in the floor. "It  
took me about two seconds to get  
out," he said.

For the first time since the opening  
of the trial the name of Charles Hagg-  
erty was mentioned. All of the wit-  
nesses who were in the basement on  
the night of the explosion spoke of  
seeing him a few moments before the  
explosion.

Attorney Coghill stated that the  
defense will close its case by noon  
Monday, and asked for an early ad-  
journment, which was granted.

Judge Coghill showed great sympathy  
for the jurors, who must remain with  
the deputy sheriffs over Christmas,  
and asked the officers to show the  
men as good a time as possible under  
the circumstances. The jurors will  
be treated to a turkey dinner today,  
an auto ride in the afternoon and  
a theater party tonight.



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## Los Angeles Times

EVERY MORNING IN THE YEAR.  
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LOS ANGELES Loco Ahng-hay-hay-as  
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## The Times' "Midwinter."

The Times will be out one week from today, January 1. It will consist of five beautiful magazine parts in bright colors on fine paper, every illustration a work of art, together with a 32-page news section. It will present in the most faithful and attractive manner the charms, resources and doings of the Southland. A special section will be devoted to the conventions, celebrations and joy events of the past year in Los Angeles. It is altogether the most fascinating annual published in the world.

## NEVER TRIED IT.

Sweden is experiencing the severest weather in the last 15 years. Los Angeles hasn't been keeping track of its own climate that long; yet could all the golden days of 150 years in Los Angeles be looped within one circle of light the result would be a radiance like man's dreams of the Elysian Fields.

## A FAR FROM PEACE.

An expedition of Mexican soldiers has been dispatched to the Yaqui River country to wage war against the Indians. Juarez is in a state of disorder, and Villa is again at the head of an army with the intention of raiding the State of Sinaloa. Carranza's intentions are honorable, but the contentions of Mexico are beyond his control.

## THE FIRST NEED.

If Mexico ever does find peace it is to be hoped that this government will use all the influence it does not possess to get the people down there to organize some adequate court system and to install decent jails. In all times past the prisons of Mexico have been tombs of living death, and justice has been an unknown quantity.

## CATCHING COLD.

Philadelphia has such an epidemic of grip that 650 burial permits were issued there within three days, and the reports of physicians show that 15,000 persons are suffering from the epidemic. This is largely due to two causes, the lack of resistance on the part of the well, and carelessness and selfishness on the part of the infected. People who have colds should not go to the theater and sneeze all over the place, and people who are well ought to keep their strength high enough to throw off any villainous germ they meet in the street or anywhere else. There are no good little germs, not even in a crowded church!

## SENSIBLE DEVELOPMENT.

Copper is selling at above 21 cents per pound. American producers are now taking the copper boom in a very way different from the manner of their acceptance of a similar boom eight years ago. In 1907 when copper went to 25 cents (and suddenly tumbled to 13) instead of mining the copper that had been discovered, people were running around filling on new locations and selling stock in mines that didn't happen. At present nobody has gone crazy on the development subject, while the people who have old and proved mines are working them for all they are worth.

## BLEOES FOR CHRISTMAS.

Comes now the tree dahlia with Christmas blossoms for Los Angeles, of a shade like old English lavender and a brightness like pansies and the smiles of children. They are the glory of the dahlia, soft stars hung low in winter's pearly sky. They are the little dim treasured ghosts of all the flowers that bloomed and died in summer close to earth and are living again up there in the air. Now, half the people who read this will say they never saw one, but then they have not so much as watched the rose of Sharon turn from pearl to gold and gold to red, all within the singing moments of a single day.

## WHAT KANSAS WANTS.

Kansas is on her job—whip in hand—of directing the Congressional team in the furrows that Kansas desires shall be plowed.

Congressman Thompson of Kansas presented to the House the memorials of six societies of Quakers, five farmers' unions and two church societies in Kansas, remonstrating against an increase in armaments, and to make things even, he presented a petition of the Army and Navy Medal of Honor Legion of Washington, D. C., pledging his aid to the President to maintain the honor of our country.

Senator Curtis presented memorials of five farmers' unions, one society of machinists, one ladies' missionary society and sundry citizens of five towns in Kansas, remonstrating against an increase of armaments; a petition of the people of two towns praying for the placing of an embargo on munitions of war; a petition of citizens of Topeka praying for the adoption of an amendment to the United States Constitution prohibiting polygamy; a petition of the "Pioneers" Union of Beloit, Kan., praying for the enactment of legislation to compel Congressmen and other friends of the devil in the District of Columbia to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" and a petition of sundry godless citizens of Greeley county and Cherryvale remonstrating against any limitation being placed on the freedom of the press—such as excluding pictures of the nude and naughty stories from the mail.

THE BIRTHDAY OF CHRIST JESUS.  
Nineteen hundred and fifteen years ago the Babe of Bethlehem came into the world, bringing with Him the religion which more than any other faith known to ancient or modern history has contributed to the advancement and well-being of mankind.

The religion of Jesus Christ is the religion of civilization, the religion of progress, the religion of humanity.

Where the eloquence of art speaks in thrilling tones through lips of marble or bronze or shines from canvassed walls; where music breathes the symphonies of heaven's own tongue; where the dramatic art throbs in lifelike verity its lesson to man—there the altars of Christianity are reared.

Where the doors of hospitals swing open at the sight of human suffering; where libraries yield their treasures and professors their wisdom without cost to the seeker for learning; where the branding iron and the thong have been banished from penal institutions—there the spirit of Christianity walks abroad.

Where the pageant of power rushes daily over hundreds of thousands of miles of iron rail; where the lightning sounds the paean of progress on "thought's million-chorded lyre;" where the iron barges of commerce smile the abject seas with their conquering feet—there the triumphs of Christianity are won.

Where the sun draws pictures and the microscope reveals the secrets of life, and discovery and invention have made the existence of the laborer more comfortable than that of a barbarian king—there Christianity is the ruling religion.

Where science has pursued unchecked and encouraged her mighty march until the voices of the living speak to us across oceans from the mouth of the telephone, and the voices of the dead and absent speak and sing to us from the mouth of the phonograph, and man flies like a mighty bird over mountain and valley—there Christianity sits smiling, saying to mankind: "Do not believe that of this mighty panorama of human progress you shall catch but the fleeting glimpse afforded by the brief life of earth, for the ages live with you, and with them you shall live."

What other religions, or scientific materialistic lack of religions, have produced better results? Is there a Buddhist hospital in all India? Is there a Confucian school for mechanic arts in all China? Did a Parsee ever leave a load of wood at a widow's door? Was there ever an Andrew Carnegie in ancient Memphis? or a John D. Rockefeller in Carthage? Has there ever been in all Turkey a single course of lectures inaugurated by a Young Man's Mahometan Association?

It is true that there may be specks in the diamond, motes in the sunbeam, and microbes of disease in the life-giving waters, and Christianity has now and again been tainted with the evil deeds of some who professed to follow it.

In ancient Rome Christians fed other Christians to the lions. In Madrid Christians tortured other Christians with racks and thumbscrews, Calvin roasted Servetus, and our Puritan fathers roasted old women alive and put Quakers in the stocks.

Christianity is a great and beautiful ship, plowing through depths of the world and freighted with the hopes of humanity. In her voyage of nineteen centuries parasites and barnacles have fastened themselves upon her. It may be that they have lessened her speed and impaired her beauty. It is for her to scrape off the assumption that the allegories of the Bible are recitals of literal truth. Admit that Adam was constructed of better material than mud, and Eve of better substance than the rib of a cowardly man who gave her away. Purge Noah of the imputation of carrying ratiocines and mosquitoes as first-cabin passengers in the ark. Sift the sun's rays with a prism and so make clear the wonders of the rainbow. Deny that Lot's wife was chloridized for looking backward, or that Samson overturned a skyscraper, and show that it was a tidal wave that overwhelmed the hosts of Pharaoh.

"Christianity, by asserting and emphasizing the intrinsic, inherent and immense value of every soul, laid the foundation for the doctrine of equal rights."

"The Caesar whose servant ordains the crucifixion is dust, but the words of Christ live yet, the substantial agents of civilization, the pillars of our welfare, the hope of the race."

Today let us forget that millions of Christians are playing each other at the behests of their rulers. Let us forget our individual sorrows and wrongs, for—

"Lo, wise men bring From the rich East their offering To Judah's king!"

And at his feet  
With precious gifts and odors sweet,  
Fall worshiping,  
Oh, stars that gleam

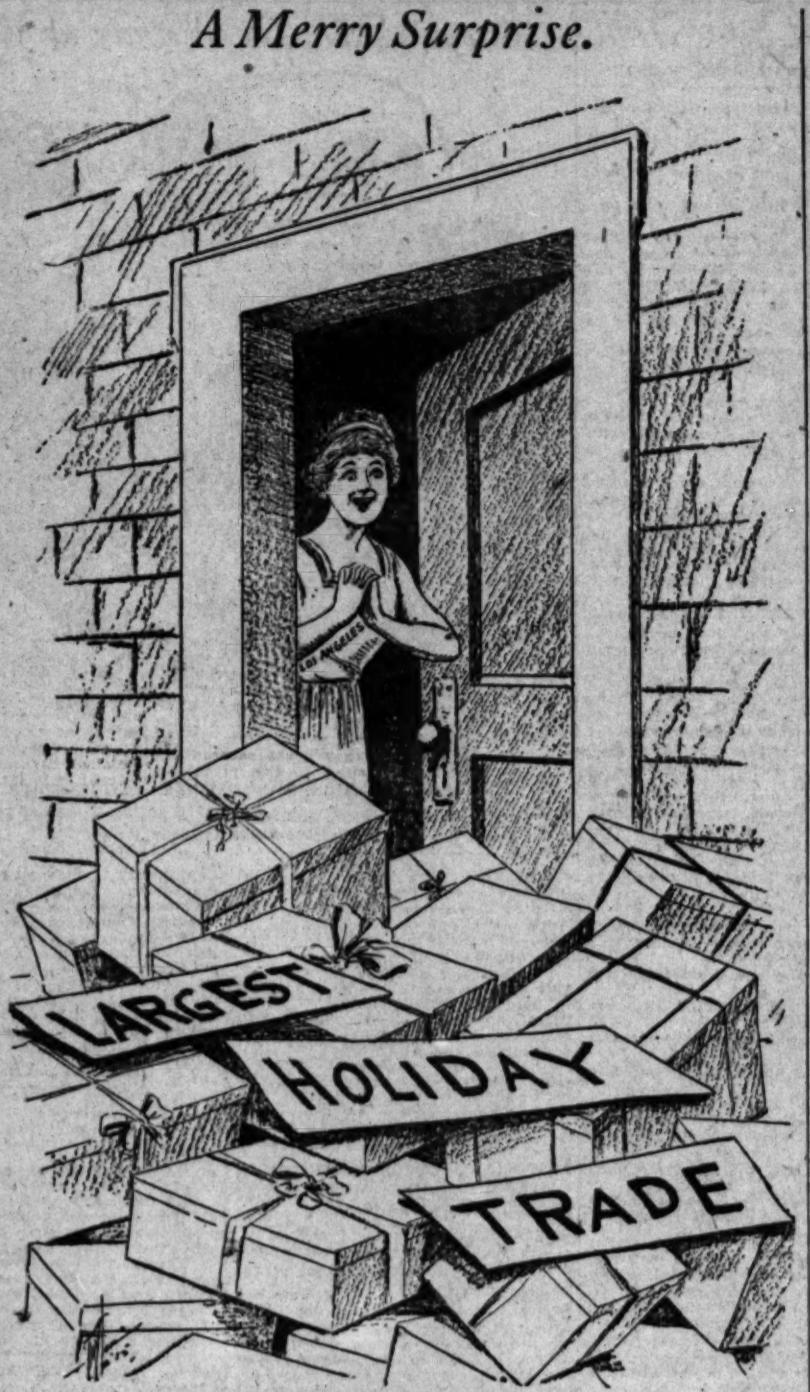
From bending skies, on Jordan's stream,  
Together sing,  
Peace, peace, God's peace on land and sea,  
Good will to men eternally!"

J OHN BULL'S FLYTRAP.  
"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly.

WILL ENGLISHMEN EMIGRATE?  
As an inducement to enlistment British soldiers are promised that when the war shall be over and the army demobilized, they shall be disbanded gradually, that each man shall receive four weeks' full pay and allowances, with traveling expenses to his home, money gratuity for war service, and an insurance policy against unemployment valid for one year.

The last act of Parliament will increase the British army to four millions. If one-half of them survive the ravages of war it will cost not less than half a billion dollars to fulfill these promises to the living and more than for pensions to the widows and orphans of the slain.

Will the British people, after the war is over, endure the enormous taxation that the war will entail? It is one thing to fling fortune as well as life into the vortex of battle when the blood is up and martial music is sounding. It is another thing to settle down patiently to toll and deprivation when the flags are not flying and patriotism entails coarser fare and greater deprivation. The temptation to avoid this altogether by removal to South America, or the United States, or to avoid it in part by removal to Australia, or Canada, or South Africa, is one to which hundreds of thousands or even millions of



## A Merry Surprise.

## THE CHRIST CHILD'S GREATEST GIFT.

BY JENNIE VAN ALLEN.

I dreamed and beheld it was Christmas Day.

And lo, all the nations of earth were gathered to hear what the great had done for the lowly—how they had poured out gold like a stream and silver like a molten flood.

And while I marveled, lo! my name was called by the trumpet of the Almighty.

I was sore afraid as I came before Him who sat upon a throne that was like carved jasper, clear as crystal.

And God asked:

"What hast thou given to the Christ Child?"

And my torment was that of one bitten by a scorpion as I answered:

"Oh, Lord, I have nothing to give!"

"God's face was like the sun at noonday; His eyes were as a living flame and His voice was as terrible as the noise of thunder and the blowing of the hurricane, as he cried:

"Thy locks are as white as the snow on Mount Pisgah, and thy face is wrinkled as a man's left to wither on a tree. Thou hast lived many, many years! Have you no gift for the Son of God? Have you nothing for the Christ Child? Are thy hands empty on the day He came to bless the children of men?"

And, weeping bitterly, I said:

"Oh, Lord, I had nothing to give, for all my days I have lived on the bounty of others. I have eaten crusts and have drunk of the bitter waters of Marah. I have lived in dark cellars and have always been cold or hungry or parched with heat. Oh, Lord, I had nothing to give, for in all the world no human creature was ever so poor as I!"

And a woman cried:

"Oh, Lord, have mercy on this soul! I was very sorrowful and she gave me the sweetest sympathy I have ever known."

And a little child cried:

"Lord, she was my wife, and though I bruised her body and broke her heart, she gave me the tenderest love that ever blessed a human life."

And a girl cried:

"Lord, I was weak and she gave me her hand and pulled me out of a horrible pit!"

And a boy cried:

"Lord, I was a careless lad, but she gave me an aim in life and, lo, men call me great!"

And a wayfarer cried:

"Lord, she gave me help when I was heavy laden!"

And a beggar cried:

"Lord, she gave me a smile when my heart was breaking!"

Then there was a mighty chorus:

"Lord, she gave me her crust when she was hungry!"

"Lord, she gave me her cup when she was thirsty!"

"Lord, she gave me her wretched rags when she was perishing with the cold."

And with one voice they all cried:

"Oh, Lord, have mercy on her, for she gave all she had!"

And I was ashamed and cried out in the bitterness of my soul:

"These things are naught! They are naught! Oh, Lord God, could I have clothed the naked with purple and fine linen! Could I have given an ephah of barley meal to her who hungered and a cluster of moist grapes to her who was a-thirst! Could I have had a candlestick of beaten gold to light the way for those who stumbled! Could I have cheered the heavy-hearted with the delicious incense of frankincense and myrrh. But, oh, Lord God of my fathers, I had nothing to give!"

And God said:

"Look up, my child!"

In anguish I lifted my eyes and behold it was no longer the face of a judge, but the loving face of a tender father.

And God said:

"My Son had not where to lay his head. He was despised and scourged and spat upon! Yet He so loved the children of men that He lived among them that they might have life everlasting.

"You, too, were friendless and homeless, but you so loved my children that you gave your life to their service. And even as you have done it unto the least of one of these, you have done it unto the Christ Child."

"My Son gave Himself! Thou hast given thyself! Behold there is no greater gift!"

And there was a rainbow round about the glory, and heaven was filled with the glory of God. And the redeemed gathered together like a victorious army and upon their battle-flags were written in letters of fire: "The Christ Child gave Himself."

And then they looked on me and like a battle cry was their song of rejoicing: "Alleluia! Alleluia! She hath given herself! Behold it is the greatest gift!"

FORTUNE'S FROM INVENTIONS.

[Tit Bitz] It is not always the greatest invention that brings the largest financial reward. Roller skates are said to have brought their inventor nearly \$1,000,000, while nearly half a million was realized by the man who first devised boot-laces. The inventor of the safety-pin, who took the idea from the reproduction of a Pompeian fresco, made \$2,000,000. On the other hand, Charles Bourseul, who discovered and described the principle of the telephone in 1855, died poor; Michaux, the inventor of the bicycle, ended his days in the utmost penury; and Frederick Sauvage, who is credited with the invention of the screw propeller, was imprisoned and died bankrupt and insane.

On the other hand, Mr. Frank Comerford,

who may be chief counsel for the labor men, according to the Herald, is reported by that journal as calling the indictment of the men "a determined assault launched by the powerful ring of building contractors of Chicago to crush labor out in the building trade." The men aimed out for profit he adds, are of "proverbial baseness to the cause of organized labor" and this attack is the most serious blow ever aimed at labor in the United States. Throughout the nation labor will watch for the outcome.

Mr. Comerford says for a suppression of the tax on labor.

Heads of the building contractors in the city have been asked to meet at the office of the Building and Construction Employers' Association to consider the matter.

Mr. Comerford says the tax on labor is

now \$1,000,000 a year.

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**GREEN BUGS  
HELP BULLS.**

**REPORTS OF PROBABLE DAMAGE  
STARTS BUYING.**

Prices go to Still Higher Levels, the Gold Being One to Nearly Three Cents—Exporters Hold Many Cables Which Materially Add in the Boxes.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—Strong cables of green bug damage gave a slight stimulus today to the buying of wheat and continued to carry the new price for the 1915 crop. The close was buoyant at 24 to 25 advanced, with December at 24 1/2, and May at 12 1/2. Other leading staples, too, all scored gains—corn at 2 1/2, oats, 10 1/2, and provision 15 1/2 to 16.

From the strength of the export situation, the market was noticed as being in a bullish position by the government's weekly reports, and the group from other sources of serious damage from green bugs in the southwest was not unusual. It was felt the bullish influence was helped especially by the removal of the embargo at Newport News.

Prices on hogs and grain provisions led the upward move. The fact that shipments of feed and meat were suspended and that the market was still steady in preventing my reaction.

**CLOSING PRICES.**

Wheat—December, 127 1/2; May, 128. Corn—December, 78 1/2; May, 80. Provisions—January, 19.00; May, 18.07. Wheat—January, 72; May, 10.02. Rice—January, 16.07; May, 10.45.

**CASH GRAIN.**

corn, No. 2 yellow, nominal; No. 4 yellow, 80 1/2%; No. 5 white, 85 1/2%; No. 6 white, 90 1/2%; No. 7 white, 95 1/2%; No. 8 white, 100 1/2%; No. 9 white, 105 1/2%; No. 10 white, 110 1/2%; No. 11 white, 115 1/2%; No. 12 white, 120 1/2%; No. 13 white, 125 1/2%; No. 14 white, 130 1/2%; No. 15 white, 135 1/2%; No. 16 white, 140 1/2%; No. 17 white, 145 1/2%; No. 18 white, 150 1/2%; No. 19 white, 155 1/2%; No. 20 white, 160 1/2%; No. 21 white, 165 1/2%; No. 22 white, 170 1/2%; No. 23 white, 175 1/2%; No. 24 white, 180 1/2%; No. 25 white, 185 1/2%; No. 26 white, 190 1/2%; No. 27 white, 195 1/2%; No. 28 white, 200 1/2%; No. 29 white, 205 1/2%; No. 30 white, 210 1/2%; No. 31 white, 215 1/2%; No. 32 white, 220 1/2%; No. 33 white, 225 1/2%; No. 34 white, 230 1/2%; No. 35 white, 235 1/2%; No. 36 white, 240 1/2%; No. 37 white, 245 1/2%; No. 38 white, 250 1/2%; No. 39 white, 255 1/2%; No. 40 white, 260 1/2%; No. 41 white, 265 1/2%; No. 42 white, 270 1/2%; No. 43 white, 275 1/2%; No. 44 white, 280 1/2%; No. 45 white, 285 1/2%; No. 46 white, 290 1/2%; No. 47 white, 295 1/2%; No. 48 white, 300 1/2%; No. 49 white, 305 1/2%; No. 50 white, 310 1/2%; No. 51 white, 315 1/2%; No. 52 white, 320 1/2%; No. 53 white, 325 1/2%; No. 54 white, 330 1/2%; No. 55 white, 335 1/2%; No. 56 white, 340 1/2%; No. 57 white, 345 1/2%; No. 58 white, 350 1/2%; No. 59 white, 355 1/2%; No. 60 white, 360 1/2%; No. 61 white, 365 1/2%; No. 62 white, 370 1/2%; No. 63 white, 375 1/2%; No. 64 white, 380 1/2%; No. 65 white, 385 1/2%; No. 66 white, 390 1/2%; No. 67 white, 395 1/2%; No. 68 white, 400 1/2%; No. 69 white, 405 1/2%; No. 70 white, 410 1/2%; No. 71 white, 415 1/2%; No. 72 white, 420 1/2%; No. 73 white, 425 1/2%; No. 74 white, 430 1/2%; No. 75 white, 435 1/2%; No. 76 white, 440 1/2%; No. 77 white, 445 1/2%; No. 78 white, 450 1/2%; No. 79 white, 455 1/2%; No. 80 white, 460 1/2%; No. 81 white, 465 1/2%; No. 82 white, 470 1/2%; No. 83 white, 475 1/2%; No. 84 white, 480 1/2%; No. 85 white, 485 1/2%; No. 86 white, 490 1/2%; No. 87 white, 495 1/2%; No. 88 white, 500 1/2%; No. 89 white, 505 1/2%; No. 90 white, 510 1/2%; No. 91 white, 515 1/2%; No. 92 white, 520 1/2%; No. 93 white, 525 1/2%; No. 94 white, 530 1/2%; No. 95 white, 535 1/2%; No. 96 white, 540 1/2%; No. 97 white, 545 1/2%; No. 98 white, 550 1/2%; No. 99 white, 555 1/2%; No. 100 white, 560 1/2%; No. 101 white, 565 1/2%; No. 102 white, 570 1/2%; No. 103 white, 575 1/2%; No. 104 white, 580 1/2%; No. 105 white, 585 1/2%; No. 106 white, 590 1/2%; No. 107 white, 595 1/2%; No. 108 white, 600 1/2%; No. 109 white, 605 1/2%; No. 110 white, 610 1/2%; No. 111 white, 615 1/2%; No. 112 white, 620 1/2%; No. 113 white, 625 1/2%; No. 114 white, 630 1/2%; No. 115 white, 635 1/2%; No. 116 white, 640 1/2%; No. 117 white, 645 1/2%; No. 118 white, 650 1/2%; No. 119 white, 655 1/2%; No. 120 white, 660 1/2%; No. 121 white, 665 1/2%; No. 122 white, 670 1/2%; No. 123 white, 675 1/2%; No. 124 white, 680 1/2%; No. 125 white, 685 1/2%; No. 126 white, 690 1/2%; No. 127 white, 695 1/2%; No. 128 white, 700 1/2%; No. 129 white, 705 1/2%; No. 130 white, 710 1/2%; No. 131 white, 715 1/2%; No. 132 white, 720 1/2%; No. 133 white, 725 1/2%; No. 134 white, 730 1/2%; No. 135 white, 735 1/2%; No. 136 white, 740 1/2%; No. 137 white, 745 1/2%; No. 138 white, 750 1/2%; No. 139 white, 755 1/2%; No. 140 white, 760 1/2%; No. 141 white, 765 1/2%; No. 142 white, 770 1/2%; No. 143 white, 775 1/2%; No. 144 white, 780 1/2%; No. 145 white, 785 1/2%; No. 146 white, 790 1/2%; No. 147 white, 795 1/2%; No. 148 white, 800 1/2%; No. 149 white, 805 1/2%; No. 150 white, 810 1/2%; No. 151 white, 815 1/2%; No. 152 white, 820 1/2%; No. 153 white, 825 1/2%; No. 154 white, 830 1/2%; No. 155 white, 835 1/2%; No. 156 white, 840 1/2%; No. 157 white, 845 1/2%; No. 158 white, 850 1/2%; No. 159 white, 855 1/2%; No. 160 white, 860 1/2%; No. 161 white, 865 1/2%; No. 162 white, 870 1/2%; No. 163 white, 875 1/2%; No. 164 white, 880 1/2%; No. 165 white, 885 1/2%; No. 166 white, 890 1/2%; No. 167 white, 895 1/2%; 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No. 364 white, 1880 1/2%; No. 365 white, 1885 1/2%; No. 366 white, 1890 1/2%; No. 367 white, 1895 1/2%; No. 368 white, 1900 1/2%; No. 369 white, 1905 1/2%; No. 370 white, 1910 1/2%; No. 371 white, 1915 1/2%; No. 372 white, 1920 1/2%; No. 373 white, 1925 1/2%; No. 374 white, 1930 1/2%; No. 375 white, 1935 1/2%; No. 376 white, 1940 1/2%; No. 377 white, 1945 1/2%; No. 378 white, 1950 1/2%; No. 379 white, 1955 1/2%; No. 380 white, 1960 1/2%; No. 381 white, 1965 1/2%; No. 382 white, 1970 1/2%; No. 383 white, 1975 1/2%; No. 384 white, 1980 1/2%; No. 385 white, 1985 1/2%; No. 386 white, 1990 1/2%; No. 387 white, 1995 1/2%; No. 388 white, 2000 1/2%; No. 389 white, 2005 1/2%; No. 390 white, 2010 1/2%; No. 391 white, 2015 1/2%; No. 392 white, 2020 1/2%; No. 393 white, 2025 1/2%; No. 394 white, 2030 1/2%; No. 395 white, 2035 1/2%; No. 396 white, 2040 1/2%; No. 397 white, 2045 1/2%; No. 398 white, 2050 1/2%; No. 39

## Public Service; City Hall Courts.

At the Courthouse.  
LEGAL CLOUD ON PRINCIPALITY?

## WIDE ACRES YORBA OWNED MAY PROVOKE LONG FIGHT.

Estate Never Administered, Is Contested by Litigants Who Say They Represent Two of Old Don's Seven Sons—Cities and Ranches on Mooted Land.

The legal battle of Mrs. Beatrice A. Yorba-Arnas Johnson and Mrs. Roberto Yorba Galley for a one-seventeenth interest in the great estate of their grandfather, Bernardo Yorba, promises to lead to endless litigation if the Probate Court decides, as the contestants allege, that the estate was never administered. Such a decision would cloud the title to the many thousands of acres once the great Yorba estate, now the sites of a half dozen or more Southern California and valuable ranches in private hands.

The preliminary skirmish started in the Probate Court yesterday, when a battery of attorneys appeared representing the contestants and the heirs of Bernardo Yorba. It was intended by the contestants, who are asking for the appointment of an administrator, that no decree of distribution was ever entered. The other side declared the real and personal property had all been distributed. It was held this court had jurisdiction under an order of March 8, 1882, for the distribution of the property.

In getting at the facts the history of the vast estate left by Bernardo Yorba will be presented to the court. It will go back to the time of the Mexican War, and it will follow down the years in which various courts adjudicated claims. The earliest court which had the estate before it for probate, located the real estate held in trust for the children. This was the rule in those days, more than half a century ago. Two of the later judges who adjudicated claims on the estate have passed away, former Judge Clark and former Judge Tracy. Judge Clark died many years ago.

Judge Tracy, after hearing what had been done, which amounted to distribution of the estate, was of the opinion there was nothing to distribute and ordered a judgment, but it appears that nobody ever presented findings. This and many other questions of a technical nature make of this inter-district litigation a case celebre, with cities and scores of private owners watching which way the legal can.

In yesterday's proceedings before Judge Tracy, Theodore Yorba, the only surviving son of Bernardo Yorba, was a witness. He was asked to name the seventeen children of his father, and after doing so stated his father had three children by his first wife, and six second, two by his third wife. One of the contentions of the contestants is that fifteen of the seventeen children received their portions of the estate, which aggregated 162,000 acres. They received the heirs of the other children not entitled to the estate. Theodore Yorba said he received his share and disposed of it, having no further interest in the matter.

Attorney J. Mack Love, representing Mrs. Johnson, stated to the court she would administer the estate as an administrator, either Theodore Yorba or Thomas Scully, a grandson of Bernardo Yorba, and executor under his will. Attorneys Freeman, Scoville and Ross, would not agree to this.

Bernardo Yorba died in 1858, and at that time his domain was worth about \$200,000. Today no estimate can be placed on the value of the land. Mrs. Johnson estimates her share at about \$17,000,000, representing a one-seventeenth interest.

## ELOPEMENT SPOILED.

## NOTE IN HER DIARY.

Love did not find a way yesterday, when the Juvenile Court authorities say, Donald Studebaker and Miss Maurine Ames planned to elope. But after Judge Reeve bears the full story Monday, perhaps the way will appear. Meanwhile, Miss Ames, who is the mother of the boy, and former Governor of Minnesota, will be under the eye of the matron at Juvenile Hall while Studebaker will remain in the custody of his father.

The youth is the son of W. B. Studebaker, of the wealthy family of Studebakers, automobile makers. He is 16 years old and his father told Judge Reeve yesterday the young man dearly loves the girl. There was no intention to elope, he said. Donald merely went to the photographic studio where Miss Ames had gone to look at some proofs for the purpose of getting a picture to carry back with him to Indiana.

"I knew she was to be at the studio," said Donald. "I wanted one of her pictures. I met her at the studio, but the meeting was not arranged." The alleged elopement plan was spoiled because Donald is under probation and the cause is Miss Ames. Her relatives believe she is too young to get married. That the authorities got to the bottom of the plan was due to Miss Ames' penchant for writing her thoughts in diary. She wrote them in shorthand, but they were deciphered and told of the plan to get married.

It is still another story how Mrs. Ames found the diary. She found it, and disappeared. In searching for it she discovered the diary and the cat was out of the bag.

## OIL COMPANY WINS.

IN THREE WEEKS' FIGHT. The Victor Oil Company, after a trial hotly fought for three weeks before Judge Wellborn, won judgment against P. D. Brown, George E. Coffin, Sr., George H. Coffin, Jr., and P. S. Rishel yesterday for approximately \$25,000. The suit grew out of the purchase and sale of oil lands at Bakersfield in 1910 and the alleged illegal issuance of stock with all profits divided among the defendants.

Two tracts of oil land were bought. For one, secured by the defendants from the Hamilton Oil and Gas Company, \$25,000 was the consideration, \$10,000 being paid in cash and the balance by personal notes. At the time of the deal the Victor company was organized and the land conveyed to it. In the first instance, at a price of \$25,000. The profit in this first deal was \$0,000. The profit in the second deal was \$0,000, which it was alleged, the defendants divided.

In giving judgment Judge Wellborn said the oil company intent to defend, but he did find that the suit was issued by the Victor company at the time of its organization under the exist-

ing conditions could not have been legally issued, and it was necessary to give judgment against the holders of the stock. In the second instance.

The stock at that time was worth 25 cents a share. The defendants got 110,000 shares. The court's judgment included \$5000 in money and the value of the stock.

The Victor company was represented by Bradner W. Lee and former Judge Bordwell. The defendants' counsel were Attorneys Mervine, Chandler, Stick and Hazlett.

## LURED BY "MOVIES."

## WIFE LOST: HOME BROKEN.

"I won't go to the extent that some people have in regard to this subject, but I don't hesitate to say I have had no end of divorce cases during my term on the bench because of this motion-picture business," Judge Mervine declared yesterday, and he was told by James Warren, whose wife, Maud Warren, preferred the "movie" stage to home life.

Mrs. Warren is a striking brunet and attractive. The lure of the motion picture too strong and she gave up home to be an actress. Her husband objected vigorously, but to no avail. So when she would not return to him, he sued for divorce and was granted a decree.

The case was appealed in court, but declined to contest the case. She admitted she had left her husband and said there had been no previous row. Both declared they had been happy.

## WIDOW SUES SLAYER.

## STORK IS EXPECTED SOON.

Mrs. Nealy Warren, widow of Sergeant A. Edward Browning, who was shot and killed November 29, last, by Colored Pinocchio at No. 1223 Lemon street, has sued \$50,000 damage for the death of her husband in a suit against Pinocchio yesterday.

The distress caused by the murder of her husband is accentuated by the fact that Mrs. Browning is expecting a babe who, under happier circumstances, would have been born to her. The complaint brief states this baby is to arrive. Sergeant Browning met his death in line of duty.

## INS AND OUTS ABOUT THE COURTS.

## CONDAMNATION SUIT.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS. A suit by the city yesterday to condemn right of way for the Jefferson-street storm sewer names among the defendants the Artesian Water Company, the Standard Oil Company, the Los Angeles and Savings Bank, the Equitable Trust Company of New York, the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, Clara Baldwin Stocker, Anita M. Baldwin and others. The sewer is to start at West Jefferson street near Ninth avenue and run to Figueroa road.

SUES FOR ARREST. F. A. Tilford, who was arrested January 14, last, and will be tried in jail eighteen hours and later dismissed by P. D. Brown, was sued yesterday for \$12,000 damage against Deputy District Attorney M. Cartney, Mayor Sebastian, then Chief of Police, and Officers Feit, West and Chernoff and Detective Bittner, for his release.

A brilliant young man was picked for Councilman Wheeler of erstwhile Socialistic anti-slavery ordinance. A

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# Roses! Roses!

## A Choice Collection of New Varieties

The period during which Roses may be handled in a dormant or bare root condition is now at hand, it is the period of their winter rest. The plants may be safely transplanted without soil attached to the roots, they can be shipped long distances at a minimum cost, they retain their vitality under our careful system of packing for several weeks.

We offer you below a collection of our finest varieties, in strong two-year stocks, which if planted now will give an abundance of bloom by April or May of 1916.

Arthur Goodwin—Rich, coppery orange  
Earl of Gosford—Deep crimson.  
Geo. Dickson—Velvety maroon.  
Hugh Dickson—Dark red, very free.  
Juliet—Old gold and orange pink.  
J. L. Mock—Deep carmine rose.  
Joseph Hill—Orange and copper yellow.

Laurent Carle—Deep red  
Lyon Rose—Shrimp and coral pink.  
Leon Pain—Salmon pink.  
Mrs. A. Ward—Indian yellow.  
Mrs. Geo. Shawyer—Deep rose.  
Mrs. Muir McKean—Bright crimson.

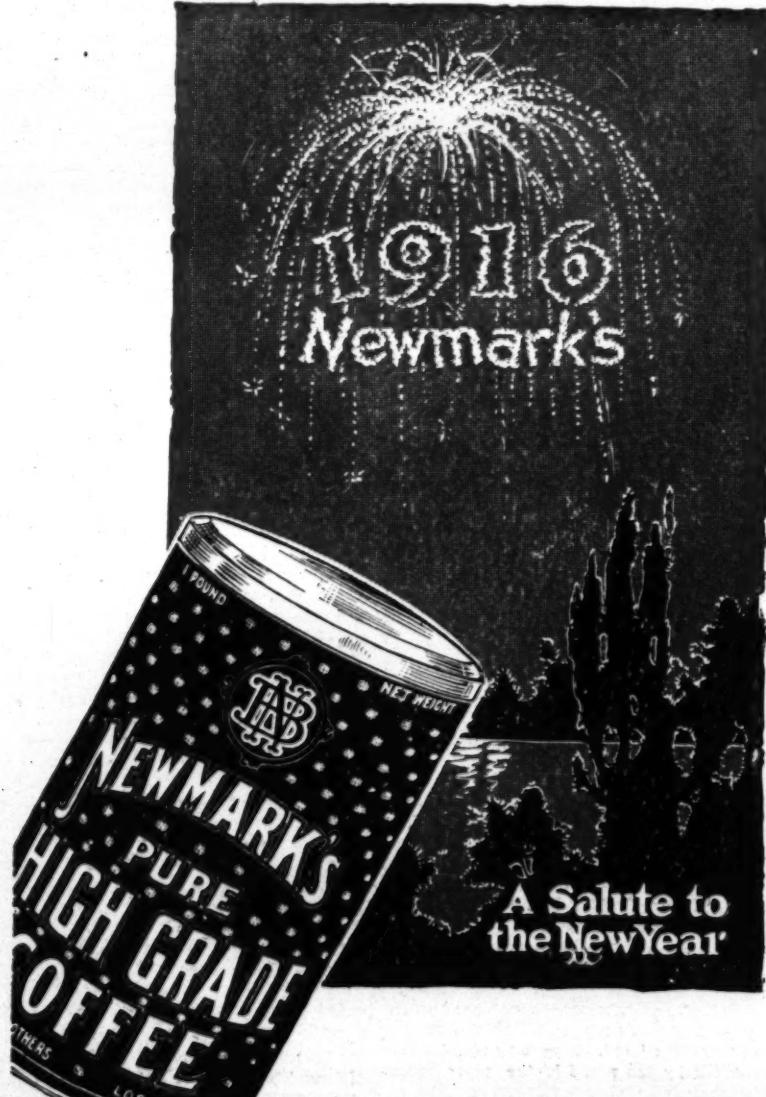
Mad Herriott—Coral red and yellow.  
Pharisaer—Salmon pink.  
Mad Segond Weber—Deep salmon.  
Viscountess of Enfield—Pearly pink.  
Wakefield C. Miller—Satiny pink.  
Duchess of Wellington—Saffron yellow.  
Melanie Soupert—Salmon and yellow.

The roses in the above list are the ne plus ultra varieties of our famous collection, the prices range from 50c to 75c and \$1 each, during this week we will deliver one dozen plants, your selection from this list, for \$5.00.

If you live out of town they will be sent to your nearest Post Office, or express office, charges prepaid.

**SPECIAL OFFER**—One each of the entire set delivered free for \$7.50.

*Howard & Smith*  
9<sup>th</sup> & OLIVE ST'S LOS ANGELES  
NURSERIES, MONTEBELLO  
MAIN 1745 - 10957





... "You're not worth the paper I paid for," "I get the money," he replied.

At the same moment Joe Blabber came along by the call boy, who left a message. He was interrupted in his quiet deserts, but it will be a relief to see the claims come along.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE

FOR ANGELS' SAKES  
The Twelve Man

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE

Accrulture.

the performances are just about over, as

the audience and newspapermen go off to

think of other

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[Saturday, December 25, 1914.]

## BROOK AND BROOKLETS.

(From "Brain and Brawn," edited by Harry Ellington Brook, N.D., and published by the Naturopathic Publishing Company, Los Angeles.)

## The Greater Wisdom.

It is pleasant to flirt with a pretty woman, but is wiser to marry a plain one.

## A Bargain Defined.

A bargain is something you don't need, bought at 5 per cent. below the usual price.

## Think of Others.

When you are inclined to complain of your lot, think of the millions who are less fortunate, and be thankful.

## Choice of Fruit.

There is a great difference between irrigated and non-irrigated fruit. The latter is much superior in quality. A plate of wild strawberries will perfume a room. Unfortunately, Americans choose fruit mainly by size.

## Victims of Dyspepsia.

Dyspepsia not only causes worry, but war and many other evils. The massacre of St. Bartholomew would never have taken place, had not the French king suffered from chronic constipation. Calvin would not have taught the eternal torment of all but a few whom it pleases God to save, nor would he have had Servetus burned at the stake, had he not been a confirmed dyspeptic.

## War and Diet.

The war is teaching dietetic lessons. German scientists have discovered that the people of that country eat 50 per cent. more protein than is necessary. They are urged to eat less meat. It has been pointed out to them, by a commission, that in the feeding of grain to animals at least half the original food value of the grain is lost. They were, therefore, advised to kill off at once nine million pigs and a million cattle.

## Best Time for Exercise.

The best time for exercise is in the morning. At night a man is usually tired, and exercise at that time will often prevent sleep. Also, everybody can occasionally find opportunity for a few minutes exercise during the day. The main thing is to keep the spine in a correct position during the day—to keep the back of the neck against the collar. This will be hard at first, but it will gradually become a habit. Practice doing your daily tasks in correct positions. Develop a backbone.

## Health vs. Muscle.

Aim at health rather than great strength. Those big bunches of muscles you see in physical culture publications are neither handsome nor wholesome. Compare these monstrosities with the graceful Greek athletes, their satin skin not showing a trace of the muscles that lurk beneath. It is notorious that over-muscled men are short lived. After once accumulating these big bunches of muscles they cannot be thrown off. A man has to keep up exercise, or suffer from heart disease. A recent examination of boys in training, in an Eastern academy, showed that 60 per cent. of them had heart murmurs.

## Heart Effects of Violent Exercise.

It has long been contended that violent exercise, particularly the competitive contests of college athletes, frequently results in enlargement of the heart. Such an exercise as rowing, for example, was thought to be especially harmful; and the members of the university crews were supposed to be particularly liable to heart affections later in life.

Some tests recently completed at Harvard University, however, seem to refute this. It was demonstrated that the candidates for the university crew who indulged in prolonged participation in rowing, showed no material increase in the size of their hearts, or other ill effects produced upon that organ.

This does not mean that persons who are not trained properly, or whose hearts are not sound in the beginning, may not be injured by violent exercise. But it appears to be practically impossible to injure the heart of a well-trained man, even by prolonged and violent exertion.

## The Trial of Jesus.

(Case and Comment: In a Roman tribunal, writes Charles A. Hawley, where the law required that the accused should be confronted with witnesses, Jesus, repeatedly adjudged innocent, without testimony, upon a charge not supported by a single witness, was handed over to the death of the cross by a judge, who, even in the act of pronouncing judgment, dramatically washed his hands of the innocent blood he was about to shed. Jesus went to the cross, not because the Jewish council had convicted him of blasphemy, not because he was disloyal to Caesar, not because of anything charged against him in either court, but because of the unmanly fears of an ambitious and unscrupulous politician. Thus it was that "Jesus suffered under Pontius Pilate."

The arrest of Jesus was illegal, his examination before Annas and Caiaphas in the night, and conducted by questions addressed to him, were unlawful. The Sanhedrin was a lawful court, and had jurisdiction of the offense of blasphemy under the Jewish code; but the trial therein violated many of the provisions of the law. Jesus was convicted at a court illegally held, upon his own testimony illegally obtained, by judges so hostile that they had no right to sit. He was brought before the Roman tribunal upon a totally different charge, and there, having been repeatedly acquitted, after judgment of scourging had been executed upon him, was thereafter illegally condemned.

And thus the Jewish council, the Roman tribunal—under two great systems of jurisprudence which have long been the admiration of the world—were prostituted to bring about a judicial murder.

## Suspension Bridges Old.

[London Tit-Bits:] Suspension bridges, some of them of considerable length, were common in Peru in the days of the Incas. They were formed of cables of twisted osiers passed over wooden supports and stretched from bank to bank, then bound together with smaller ropes and covered with bamboo. The road from Cuzco to Quito is still noted for frail bridges of this sort, which are in constant use and span deep chasms.

The Chinese also have for centuries been familiar with the "suspension" theory, and have constructed chain bridges in which the weight of the roadway is supported by the tension of the chains.

The first iron suspension bridge in Europe was built over the Tees, near Middleton, in 1741, for the use of miners. Two chains were stretched in a straight line, steadied by ties from the banks below, and the roadway for foot passengers was supported by the chains.

The modern suspension system practically dates from 1816, when bridges both over 100 feet in length were successfully completed at Galashiels and Peebles.

## The Habits of Authors.

[Atlantic Monthly:] I was presented once to a lady who immediately fixed me with her eager eye.

"I am making a study of the habits of authors," she announced. (Here a dreadful sinking of the heart assailed me.) "Kindly tell me at what hour you retire."

"Usually at half-past ten," I answered wretchedly.

At that, as I had expected, her eyebrows went up. "The author of 'When All Was Dark,'" she informed me, "sits up all night. She says she cannot sleep until she has savoured the dawn." However, she was kind enough to give me another chance. "What do you eat?" she asked.

"Three hearty meals a day," I answered.

"Not breakfast!" she pleaded. "Why, St. George Dreamer never takes more than three drops of brandy on a lump of sugar in the morning. Just the sight of the coffee cup will upset his work for a week."

And then she left me, sure, I do not doubt, that no real author could confess to such distressingly normal habits as mine.

## The Conductor's Wish.

[Chicago News:] "I hope," said the car conductor, pensively, after taking the names of the people who saw the lady lose her balance, "that women will vote, and that they'll have a political party of their own and a convention and a platform."

"And then what?"

"And that they'll advocate capital punishment for anybody who gets off the platform backward."

## Acreculture.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE)

done we have in the garden today a full supply of beets, turnips, lettuce, cabbage, cauliflower, celery-cabbage, onions, potatoes, Windsor beans, spinach, kale and Swiss chard and what not? As a matter of fact, at this writing, within two jumps of Christmas Day, I have just picked a fine lot of Kentucky Wonder beans, fresh corn on the cob, a big lot of lima beans and other lines that usually are gone at this time. Favorable location in the warm foothills accounts for some of this.

The persimmons are just about over, as the last of the deciduous fruits. If you do not know the real food value and delight of a Japanese persimmon, just get one or two of the conical-shaped ones from the fruit stand and when jelly soft serve it peeled with sugar and cream for breakfast. Boyhood memories cling to peaches and strawberries, but here is a dietetical venture into the realm of joyland for any weak stomach which is almost equal to avocado.

The few pounds of prunes and apricots that you cured in the golden sunshine of last August, and which took only a few minutes out of a few mornings, now look pretty good, and help to vary the morning meal, leaving the richer preserves that mother made for the heavier evening meal. Those Smyrna figs which you dried nicely in September sun, if you covered them at night from the passing fog, and the white creaseack beans, dried and shelled and now already for the brown jug and lasses on a Saturday, well—"altogether this is pretty good weather and a jolly sort of a life."

Your one olive tree is now bending with a crop of little imps demanding your time for the harvest. Pickle 'em. Also dry them. Never tried dried olives? You serve them with cold navy beans, a touch of garlic and mayonnaise.

## Manifold Blessings.

In the field of scientific discovery, as in other walks of life, blessings and misfortune seldom come singly. Six months ago the Autolysin treatment for inoperable cancers was announced by Prof. Beebe of Cornell University. Four months later Dr. Murphy of the Rockefeller Institute announced a method of treating cancer (in rats, at least) by using X-rays in a special manner, and now Dr. Walker of New York makes the announcement that he has been treating cancer successfully with selenium, a metallic element which is known to exert a peculiar action on malignant growths.

"The theory of the treatment is simple," says Dr. Walker. "It has been our observation that in every case of cancer, loss of sulphur in undue quantities can be detected by chemical analysis. The preparation I have been using is a combination of sulphur and selenium. The object is to replace the sulphur lost. For this purpose I am using this compound which is really very similar to '666', except that sulphur replaces arsenic in the mixture. I have trade-marked this combination under the name of Sulpho-Selene, but there is no thought of making money out of this preparation by selling it."

The use of selenium in the treatment of cancer is not new, as certain German scientists have been experimenting with it for several years; but these experiments found that, although the remedy acted beneficially on cancers on rats and mice, large doses of it killed the animals. According to Dr. Walker, however, the ill effects of the selenium have been overcome, and several persons suffering from cancer have been greatly benefited by the use of the combination of this metal with sulphur.

## Cleanliness Versus Chemicals.

For many years manufacturers of perishable food products have made use of the much-discussed benzoates for preserving their products. But since the outbreak of the European war the price of these benzoates has increased to such an extent as to be almost prohibitive.

"The European war sent the price of benzoates from about 18 cents to \$2 per pound," says a recent health bulletin. "And then food manufacturers, who claim we could not get along without benzoates, at once seem to have made a new discovery, that after all benzoates are not necessary—sterilization is a cheaper food preservative than benzoate at \$2 per pound."

## The Twelfth Man.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE)

But it will be a relief to see the clams coming after this strenuous season of bucket-wrestling. Then we need not worry about shortage of men! Next year Port George will have a lusty rival in Algoma."

He was interrupted in his quiet observation by the call boy, who left a message. At the same moment Joe Blabord came along.

"Do I get the increase?" he inquired.

"You're not working here," replied Story, stiffly. He opened the envelope and read his telegram.

"Well, I guess I am till I get my pay," stated Joe, cornering a huge quid of tobacco in the jaw.

"Joe," Story looked the lad over critically. "Joe, you're young—too young for a labor agitator."

"Aw, cut it. I wasn't stuck on the job. I'd 'a' quit next month, raise or no raise, anyway."

"And you wished to make as much trouble as possible before you went? Poor principle. When McGaw left you had the chance for the job of permanent hoist-runner. I am now advised that the permanent runners in service over a year are to get an increase this winter and steady work. We think a great deal of character, you know. You have shown that you think a great deal of cigarettes and beer and a little cheap hilarity."

"I ain't askin' for a song," mumbled Joe. "I'd like my old job back, all right, but I'm not a-goin' to knuckle my frontpiece to no one for a job."

Story spread open the message he held and read it aloud:

"Boats now in port will complete Algoma. When finished send all available men to relieve Port George."

"Ain't the Port George gang comin' down to finish up here?" asked Joe, his jaw dropping.

"Guess it's the other way about this time, Joe. We've shown for once what Algoma can do and they've had a hard time of it at Port George. A—where did you say you were going to work?"

"Well, this company ain't used me so bad—"

Story interrupted:

"One of my college men is sick," he said, ruminatingly. "If you feel like making a decent start, go and borrow his overalls."

Joe borrowed.

And it is the strangest to relate—that night twelve men shattered the record made by the sixteen men working in the day gang!

Joe Blabord did not sleep till he had seen the inspector. That official was so much steeped in the pride of success that he came right out with his congratulations to the one youth whose determination he had brought out by a crucial test. Joe threw up his head in haughty acknowledgement.

"Look here, Mr. Story," Joe declaimed, husky from loss of sleep. "Do you think I give a rap for that job? I did it to show you that I mean to get along. The college fellow only had a headache and was goin' to work anyway, but he got a worse headache when he tried to take the overalls away from me. I've learned in one night how to be a coal heaver. I'm satisfied with that. What I wanted to speak to you about was to put me wise to gettin' an edge-ication while I'm workin'. I heard the chief say you got yours that way."

Then it was up to Story.

[Harvard Lampoon:] Ma—You've been drinking. I smell it in your breath.

Pa—Not a drop. I've been eating frogs' legs. What you smell is the hops.

[Dallas News:] Mrs. Casey—The doctor says ye have appendicitis, Tim!

Mr. Casey—Och, Norah, Norah! Whoy woy ye so foolish as to show him yer bank book?

## Oxweld Welding and Cutting Supplies

Our rods, wire and fluxes are the VERY BEST obtainable for the price and quality.

GET A TRIAL ORDER.

## Oxweld Acetylene Co.

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These are a good class of college students, that college members compete to judge, notably among persons in a growing impression among certain skin diseases such as mollusca, etc. and it is not surprising that the best of these persons are to be found in the city of Cleveland.

When used externally it should first be sterilized by baking in an oven to destroy any germs present. This kind of indigestion may be brought about by overindulgence in any one kind of food, and the best way to cure it is to eat a light meal, such as mutton chops, etc. and then drink a glass of milk.

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In determining this point out the actions of the body, the best way to cure it is to eat a light meal, such as mutton chops, etc. and then drink a glass of milk.

Rest as a Curative Agent.

# The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

## "Home, Sweet Home" - For Wife and Mother, For Daughter and Maid.

### CARE OF SHOES.

#### When Suede Becomes Greasy.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] When suede shoes, belts, bags and purses become greasy-looking rub them with a fine emery paper, and it will make them look like new. The small emery board used for manicuring is useful for this. Kerosene will soften leather belts or shoes that have become hard from exposure or dampness.

For removing mildew from leather use a piece of flannel with a little vaseline and rub the mildewed parts.

Patent leather shoes may be kept in good condition during the cold weather by rubbing them with a little olive oil, and polishing with a piece of canton flannel. This will keep the leather from cracking and the shoes will always appear new.

#### To Clean Brown Shoes.

Before applying the polish brush all the mud from the shoes, then wash them with soap and water. Apply this with a soft cloth and dry with a cloth. When this is finished polish with a good shoe polish, and you will be surprised at how well they will look.

Stains may be taken out of brown shoes by rubbing a piece of cut lemon on them. Then polish with brown polish.

Brown boots and shoes that have stains and spots on them may also be renovated by rubbing them with a piece of flannel dipped in methylated spirit, leaving them to dry before polishing.

#### Make New Shoes Last.

To help new shoes to wear longer and make them waterproof varnish the soles and heels, then put the shoes away until they are thoroughly hard and dry before wearing, or soak the soles for twelve hours in linseed oil and then dry. Repeat the process three times.

### DAINTINESS OF PERSON.

#### Muscles of the Face.

[New York Sun:] Many women allow their faces to become tense and set and then wonder why lines develop. Relax the muscles, cultivate a pleasant expression and remember that lips which curve upward and smile are much more attractive than the drooping sort.

#### Lemon for Fingernails.

The nails need constant attention if they are to look well kept. The skin at the base should be pushed gently down every night after washing, care being taken not to tear or injure it. Dipping the fingertips into lemon will soften the skin and remove all grit.

#### Best Brush for Hair.

In buying combs and brushes, the woman with due regard for her hair will choose combs with smooth teeth and bristles not too stiff. White celluloid is one of the best materials, for the simple reasons that it shows the dirt at once and is easy to clean.

### KINKS IN THE KITCHEN.

#### To Clean Utensils.

[New York American:] To bring a copper kettle back to its first brightness, wash with soap and water, then make a paste of a knife powder and paraffin and scour well. Two or three cleanings may be necessary to bring it back to its original brilliancy.

To clean the roasting pan fill the under pan half-full of cold water as soon as the meat and gravy are removed and place on the front of the stove. When dinner is over and all the other dishes done, clean the roasting pan in the usual way and you will have no trouble with it.

#### Washing the Dishes.

When washing dishes in which flour and eggs have been mixed allow them to stand in cold water for a few minutes before washing in hot water. This loosens the flour from the plate. Hot water hardens the mixture and makes it very difficult to remove.

In cleansing the coffee pot put a tablespoonful of carbonate of soda into the pot, fill it nearly full of water, and let it boil for a little while. Then rinse very thoroughly with hot water.

### IN THE PANTRY.

#### Tea, Coffee Ready for Use.

[New York Evening Telegram:] Take small square pieces of clean cheesecloth, tie a teaspoonful of tea into each and keep in a closed fruit jar. The string or thread used for tying can be left long so as to lift the tea ball out of the teapot when tea is steeped enough. A package of tea can be done up this way and is always ready for use without having to measure it each time tea is made. Keeps tea leaves from sticking in the pot and forming a crust inside.

Coffee can be made the same way, using larger squares of cheesecloth and one level tablespoonful ground coffee to each cupful wanted.

#### Use for Cracked Jars.

Save the cracked fruit jars for such things as coffee, candied fruit, tapioca, prunes, rice, cereals, raisins, cocoanut, yeast cakes, lemon, etc. Staple articles, if kept in glass jars, will always be clean and fresh, as no dust or insects can get into them. Then, too, there's no need looking into all the packages in the pantry for the article wanted, for one can see what's in the jar without opening it.

Lemons and cheese kept in airtight jars will be fresh until used. Nutmegs, spices, grated orange peel also keep their flavor and strength. Cracked jelly glasses with covers can be used for these.

### GLOVE PROBLEMS.

#### To Stretch Kid Gloves.

[Philadelphia Record:] In the following manner kid gloves may be stretched without splitting: Place the gloves between the folds of a damp towel for about one hour before they are to be worn. The lives of gloves may be prolonged by placing a small piece of cottonwool in the tip of each finger and thumb. This will prevent the nails rubbing them into holes.

#### To Renovate Black Kid.

When kid gloves, or any other black kid article, become a bad color, renovate them in the following manner: Mix together half a teaspoonful each of sweet oil and black ink. Rub the gloves well with a rag very slightly moistened with the mixture. You will find it improves them wonderfully.

#### Cornmeal and Salt.

If you want immaculate gloves and your doekins are slightly soiled, put them on your hands and use a mixture of cornmeal and salt as if you were washing your hands with water. You will be surprised at the result.

### CLEANSING PROBLEMS.

#### Keep China Silk White.

[Indianapolis News:] Make a good lather with soap and warm water, and allow this to get quite cold before putting the blouse into it.

To the rinsing water add just a little alcohol and iron the blouse while still wet, and the result is a clean, glossy white silk blouse.

When washing China silk never hang it up to dry, but instead wring it out dry and wrap it in a piece of white material, leaving it this way for about one hour, then iron it. By doing this you will get much better results and the silk does not turn yellow.

#### To Clean Sateen.

If you would like to know a good way to clean sateen, you will find the following method very satisfactory: First soak the article in salt and water, then wring it out and wash in a thin soap lather, but do not rub. When this is finished rinse thoroughly, wring out and shake well. Put in the shade to dry and when nearly dry take down and pull well both ways, but do not iron.

Another method given is to make a lather of soap and warm water, wash the article in this, then rinse in clear cold water and iron when dry on the wrong side of the material.

### THE WAXED FLOORS.

#### Turpentine, Sweet Oil and Vinegar.

[Christian Science Monitor:] To keep

waxed floors in order, go over the floors once a week with a mixture of equal parts of turpentine, sweet oil and vinegar, using a soft cloth. Polish after this with a soft rag, which may be wrapped around a floor broom.

#### Kerosene to Remove Dust.

After sweeping a polished floor, dust it with a cloth fixed on the broom (a broom bag is better,) which has been previously soaked in kerosene. It dusts perfectly and the floor looks well a long time.

### TO PRESERVE UMBRELLAS.

#### Never Fold When Wet.

[Washington Post:] You should never fold up an umbrella when it is wet. Always let it stand with handle downward so that the water can run off the ends of the ribs instead of running toward the ferrule end and rusting that part of the umbrella.

#### Mend with Sticking Plaster.

Take a small piece of black sticking plaster and soak it until it is quite soft; place it carefully under the hole inside and let it dry. I find this better than darning, as it closes the hole neater without stitching.

#### Sponge in Umbrella Stand.

To utilize a large old sponge, place it in the bottom of your umbrella stand. This will prevent the metal ferrules breaking the bottom by striking it with too much force, and it will also absorb the water from the umbrellas and may be wrung out and replaced.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[Baltimore American:] To grease pans easily use a soft crust of bread. It makes a smooth finish and saves much trouble.

Don't throw away the tissue that comes into the house around gifts, etc., but fold neatly and put it into the drawer with the dish towels. It is splendid for polishing glasses and lamp chimneys.

When cooking with the gas stove, the cover of a lard pail will be found convenient to place under a small dish or cup, directly over the burner; a small dish is so apt to upset.

Before using any milk from a bottle wash the outside, especially the top. It is very necessary because the milk man carries the bottle by the top and his hands are apt to be far from clean.

In making tight corset covers cut them the wrong way of the cloth. Then when washed, instead of shrinking up shorter they become tighter and stretch out again the first time they are worn.

To fasten a net on the hair: After the invisible hairpins are put in place one prong of each is bent back, the net is held securely. The pins can easily be bent straight again when one wishes to remove the net.

**PILES** Result from an undue accumulation of stagnant blood in the hemorrhoidal veins. Jebb's Pile Remedy dispels the inveterate, placing the hemorrhoidal veins in a perfectly healthy condition. Salves, lotions, etc., may give temporary relief, but permanent results can be had only by Jebb's Specific, which purifies the blood.

**ECZEMA** Is a non-contagious, inflammatory disease of the skin, often associated with digestive disturbances, debility, gout and rheumatism. Jebb's Eczema Specific removes the causes by constitutional treatment, combined with local applications. Thousands of cases have yielded to this treatment.

**RHEUMATISM** bent this man nearly double. Jebb's Remedy made him straight. Your case cannot be worse. Write for Free Booklet containing this man's story. This treatment is absolutely guaranteed.

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**A Merry Christmas**  
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For not only my patrons,  
but also the people of Los  
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[829]

### HEARTSEASE.

#### The New Mind.

[Prentice Mulford:] Spiritual growth means literally the making for you of a new mind, which not only believes differently, but whose workings will bring altogether different and better results, as regards health and fortune, than the old mind and the old self, which must be gradually rooted out and destroyed.

#### Love is Life.

For love is life, and they who do not love are not alive; But every soul that loves, lives in the heart of God and hears him speak!

—[Henry Van Dyke.

### Special Glasses \$5

Included at this price—expert examination, prescription, fitting, spherical lenses, guaranteed mounting and splendid aluminum case, just to introduce our department to you.

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For Daughter and Maid.

IN THE PANTRY.

CARE OF SHOES.

## The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

### Rest as a Curative Agent.

IT IS very generally believed that one of the best ways to cure a diseased condition is to "work it out." This is all very well as regards certain chronic conditions; but in acute ailments, particularly injuries where there may be danger of infections, the disease is far more likely to be worked in than out.

In determining this point one may learn a useful lesson by considering the actions of injured animals, or savages, or professional athletes. The injured animal instinctively lies down and remains quiet, going without food and water if necessary, thus giving nature every possible chance to repair the damage. The savage, guided partly by instinct and partly by reason based on experience, does practically the same thing, while the injured athlete, whose career is dependent upon his bodily fitness, has learned that complete rest shortens his term of enforced idleness.

There is a very definite scientific reason why rest is beneficial and work harmful in cases of injury or sickness. Take the case of an injured hand, in which germs have entered the tissues. Here the system marshals all its forces to destroy the invaders. If these forces can be concentrated upon this one task and not expended in part by the energy necessary to produce work, the chances of ultimate victory are greatly enhanced. Nature gives an imperative hint that the limb should be kept quiet by making movements painful; and most of nature's hints are well worth heeding.

### Curing a Cut by Resting.

The celebrated physician, Billroth, pointed out many years ago to his fellow surgeons, that the surest way to escape infections from injuries received in performing operations is complete rest. Many surgeons who failed to heed his wise suggestions have paid a terrible penalty. But others, more heedful, have spent years in the operating room, receiving injuries from time to time without ever having suffered serious infection.

The immunity of one of the surgeons, Heldenbach, serves to emphasize the advisability of rest. "He has cut and scratched himself at operations numbers of times in the course of his long practice, but has never had any ill effects from them, as he has always made a point of wearing the arm in a sling for twenty-four hours, with a small compress over the wound to keep it from sticking. He always gave up all work during this time and had others help him to dress and undress, and even to feed him. He escaped all ill effects so constantly that he began to think he was immune."

"Not many years ago he dressed a small operative cut on the hand of a young pathologist and tried to impress on him the necessity of restraining from using his arm for two days. Heldenbach then left town for a week; on his return he learned that the young man was dead. He had worn the sling for half a day and then had gone swimming. A chill that night was followed by fatal sepsis."

### Two Kinds of Digestion.

The term digestion, as usually applied, refers to the changes produced by the action of the secretions in the stomach and intestines. Indeed, one does not think of any digestive process taking place anywhere in the body except in the gastro-intestinal tract. In point of fact, however, the digestion which goes on in the stomach and intestines is merely a preliminary process to prepare the food for the final digestion as carried on in the cells of the body.

There are billions of these cells, which form the bulk of every organ, blood vessel, muscle and nerve; and each of these cells must perform a definite digestive function in order to maintain its existence. And this cell-digestion is quite as important as, and far more complicated than the relatively crude process carried on in the alimentary canal. Moreover, cell-digestion is subject to derangements which are highly detrimental to health.

An example of derangement in this cell-digestion is the poisonous effects produced by various foods in certain "sensitized" individuals, such as poisoning by strawberries, or eggs, or fish. In such cases the stomach

and intestines are not at fault primarily, as the poisonous effects are produced if the substances are introduced directly into the circulation without coming into contact with the alimentary tract. The condition is really a failure, or derangement, of cell-digestion.

### Cell-indigestion.

This kind of indigestion may be brought about by over-indulgence in any one kind of food, and the result may be a permanent dislike for that particular article, or an actual condition of poisoning whenever it is eaten. Protein substances, particularly eggs, appear to be peculiarly apt to produce it. Thus Dr. Louis Faugueres Bishop of New York cites an instance which is typical of this kind of food poisoning.

"I know a gentleman who, one Easter when he was a boy, gorged himself with eggs," says Dr. Bishop. "He ate a great many eggs—I don't know how many—and was made very ill, so that he had nausea, vomiting and fever. He was confined to his bed and made a slow recovery. It was a case of acute food poisoning from eating a great number of eggs. Following that, every few days he would be sick again. Finally it was discovered that if he ate eggs it made him absolutely ill. He stopped eating eggs or anything with eggs and got on well. For thirty years the man could not eat eggs or any article of food with eggs in it because that poisoning had caused him to be sensitive to eggs."

Here was a case in which the food poisoning was brought about suddenly by over-indulgence, and in which the symptoms were so pronounced as to be unmistakable. But the usual form of food poisoning, which may result in organic diseases of the heart, blood-vessels and kidneys, is more insidious and more difficult to detect. And frequently it is not detected until some of the organs of the body have been permanently injured. The manner in which this may occur is described by Dr. Bishop as follows:

### How "Bright's Disease" May Be Produced.

"The person goes through a period of great nervous shock or strain, some very acute illness, or some acute food poisoning, and this produces a change in the relation of the body cells to the customary food proteins. The person may be sensitized to meat, fish, eggs, or other proteins. When a person has been sensitized to food protein and goes on eating that food the cells of the body are irritated and some of them destroyed, and the organs become defective and are not able to do their work properly. When the kidneys become markedly sclerotic (hardened) they do not function normally and Nature attempts to make them function better by a rise of blood pressure. This rise of blood pressure leads to hypertrophy of the heart. It leads to thickening of the blood vessels and that creates a vicious circle. The high blood pressure damages the blood vessels and the kidneys are further and further damaged until finally we get the picture of cardiovascular renal disease"—that is, Bright's disease.

It is an interesting fact which should be borne in mind that the first symptom of this condition is pain in the chest on exertion after eating. Any person experiencing this condition should change his diet, usually by cutting down the amount of meat eaten. Besides this he should stimulate cell-digestion by systematic exercise, which is thought by many observers to be the most important single item in the treatment. "Exercise makes the patient breathe deeper, it helps the digestion, and stimulates the kidneys," says Dr. Bishop. "It is the great stimulant of metabolism. First diet and then exercise. The third important thing is attention to the intestinal tract."

### Clay as a Remedy.

Among the ancient remedies, the usefulness of which has been rediscovered in the present war, is kaolin or china clay. This substance, which is not even listed in the most modern medical text-books, is now believed to be a most useful remedy for treat-

ing certain internal disorders, and as an external dressing.

As an external dressing for wounds this white powder possesses extraordinary power in preventing excessive secretions; and it is also a very effective deodorant. And, as it is not irritating, it acts beneficially in certain skin diseases such as moist eczema. When used externally it should first be sterilized by baking in an oven to destroy any germs present.

Internally, kaolin acts beneficially in a great variety of conditions. Thus in intestinal disorders, particularly those produced by bacteria, such as dysentery, typhoid and cholera, it is helpful in restoring normal conditions. And even in certain infectious diseases where the intestinal tract is not primarily involved it is found that this remedy is useful in keeping the membranes in a healthy condition for eliminating toxic substances.

In America, kaolin has recently come into favor as a remedy for removing bacteria from the nose and throat. It is found, for example, that "when blown into the nose six or seven times a day in the form of a dry powder, kaolin removes not only diphtheria bacilli but also practically all bacteria from the nose in the course of three or four days." It is, therefore, useful in catarrhal conditions where there is profuse secretions. When the membranes of the throat are affected the patient is instructed to swallow a third of a teaspoonful as slowly as possible at frequent intervals. For very small children the kaolin powder may be mixed with sugar.

### Mechanical Treatment of Pyorrhea.

The statement was made recently in this department of the magazine, that the persistent use of ipecac tended to prevent pyorrhea. Referring to this, one of our correspondents, who has had experience in treating this condition, writes us as follows:

"I believe you have misled your readers in your short article in today's columns. From what you say it would be understood that all that was necessary to cure or prevent early pyorrhea would be to use a solution of ipecac. This is not true, as only about 30 per cent, or possibly 50 per cent, of pyorrhetic cases show the amoeba for which ipecac is specific.

"This solution will not dissolve deposits which collect on the teeth, and which are the primary cause for pyorrhea. These deposits must be removed mechanically, best by the dentist, and should be removed three or four times a year. I contend that if

this is done, and with proper home treatment, no pyorrhea to any extent will be found."

### Reaction Against College Athletics.

There is a growing impression among persons competent to judge, notably among members of college faculties, that college athletics, as conducted at present, do more harm than good; but very few persons have had the temerity to express their opinion. President Foster of Reed College, however, has now gone on record as opposing the present methods. According to President Foster, "Intercollegiate athletics provide a costly, injurious and expensive regime of physical training for a few students, especially those who need it least, instead of inexpensive, healthful and moderate exercise for all students, especially those who need it most."

President Foster points out that college athletics, instead of being conducted for education, "1, to develop all the students and faculty physically and to maintain health; 2, to promote moderate recreation, in the spirit of joy, as a preparation for study; and 3, to form habits and inculcate ideals of right living," are really a business proposition, "the aim being, 1, to win games—to defeat another person, or group, being the chief end; 2, to make money—as it is impossible otherwise to carry on athletics as business; 3, to attain individual or group fame and notoriety."

In commenting on President Foster's statements, the New York Medical Journal says: "What is not pointed out in President Foster's article is the reason why interscholastic sports, which were once comparatively harmless to all concerned, have become a nuisance to the best interests of education. It is due to the changed character of the student body. Fifty years ago and less, the men and women who attended High School and college did so because they desired education. Now, at least a fourth of them go because it is 'the thing' to do, because a degree—alas, how little it may mean—is required in order to secure certain jobs, or because they are compelled by parents."

**HARRY BROOK, N. D., former editor Times Health Dept., still teaches how to cure chronic diseases, through dietetic advice by mail. Send for pamphlet. Dr. Brook now edits BRAIN AND BRAWN, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy. Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.**

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## **Our Trade with Brazil. By Frank G. Carpenter.**

## Business Chances.

## OPPORTUNITIES FOR AMERICAN GOODS AND MONEY.

HOW THE WAR AFFECTS THE FINANCES—  
THE NEW AMERICAN BANK IN RIO DE  
JANEIRO—REPUBLIC IMPROVING ITS PORTS.  
UNCLE SAM'S TOLL TO THREADNEEDLE  
STREET—WHY OUR STEAMERS COULD NOT  
SUCCEED—A COMBINATION TO MONOPO-  
LIZE AMERICAN FREIGHT.

***From Our Own Correspondent.***

**W**ASHINGTON.—For the first time in history the United States has a fair chance at the trade of Brazil. Until now the English, French and Germans have been combining against us. They have prevented the establishment of American steamship lines to South America, by giving rebates and preferential rates, and have done all they could to keep out American banks and American capital. Now their hands are tied by the great war in Europe. The Europeans have money to borrow instead of to lend, and the great South American loans proposed prior to the outbreak of the trouble have been practically cancelled. One of these amounted to more than \$125,000,000. It was to have been given by the Rothschilds, and both the government and the business men of Brazil depended upon it. The prospect of other loans from France and Germany departed with the

turb values, and importations have fallen everywhere throughout the republic.

## A Hopeful Outlook.

Notwithstanding this, the prospects of Brazil have never been brighter, and as soon as peace is declared she will start ahead at motor car speed. The world is just beginning to realize the enormous resources of the country, and the people have been putting in the machinery for their development. Within the past few years they have increased their railway construction so that they have now something like \$250,000,000 worth of lines, comprising altogether something like 16,000 miles of track. They have been opening up their rivers and improving the harbors along the coast. All of the ports from Para, at the mouth of the Amazon, to Porto Alegre in the far south are being made sanitary. There is no yellow fever anywhere, and one can live just as safely in Rio and Santos as in New York or New Orleans.

An enormous amount of money has been spent on the harbors of Brazil. The new improvements being made at Bahia will provide a line of quays that add about 600 feet to the width of the water front for more than two miles. The depth alongside the quays is twenty-six feet and at the dock's edge thirty-two feet; and in addition the new port will have a further length of a mile.

millions more. At the port of Rio Grande do Sul the Farquhar syndicate has plans for the expenditure of millions, and the work is there going on. This includes a port opposite the town of Rio Grande, the plans having been made by E. L. Corthell, the well-known American engineer.

## Foreign Trade Growing.

The foreign commerce of Brazil is steadily growing. In 1880 it was only about \$100,000,000. In 1900 it had risen to \$300,000,000, and it is now more than \$600,000,000 per annum. It was in 1909 that it first passed the half-billion mark. This commerce amounts to \$30 per head, or about \$150 per family. The total is only a little less than the foreign trade of China, but China has twenty times as many people, and its foreign trade is less than \$2 a head. In other words, as a foreign customer, one Brazilian is worth fifteen times as much as one Chinaman; and when Brazil has 100,000,000 or 300,000,000, as she may sometimes have, her foreign trade will amount to from \$3,000,000,000 to \$9,000,000,000 a year. There is no doubt that Brazil could support more people than China, and also that it will sometime have a population of hundreds of millions. This shows some of the possibilities of a trade that is open to us.

As it is now we should already be far ahead of all other nations in the foreign \$3

ade of Brazil. We are, and shall always be, her chief customer. We need her rubber, and we are the world's greatest coffee consumer. We are buying twice as much of the goods of Brazil as any other foreign nation. In 1913 our purchases amounted to more than \$100,000,000, while those of the United Kingdom and Germany combined were only little more than \$80,000,000. In 1912 we took 30 per cent. of all her exports, 42 per cent. of her coffee and 50 per cent. of her rubber. That year we bought 5,000,000 bags of Brazilian coffee, and the total export was only 12,000,000 bags. Our Brazilian coffee at year cost us \$95,000,000, while what Germany bought cost less than \$34,000,000, and the purchases of Great Britain were only a little more than \$3,000,000. In that year Brazil exported something like 42,000 tons of rubber, and 21,000 tons of that went to the United States.

Nevertheless, in 1913  
Brazil than either G

Brazil than either Germany or the United Kingdom, and the British outsold us by more than 50 per cent.

Their Loss Our Gain.

The present situation in Europe is such that a great part of the European exports must be cut off. Germany has been annually selling Brazil something like \$55,000,000 worth of her products, France more than \$100,000,000, Austria-Hungary more than



### Harbor at Recife or Pernambuco.

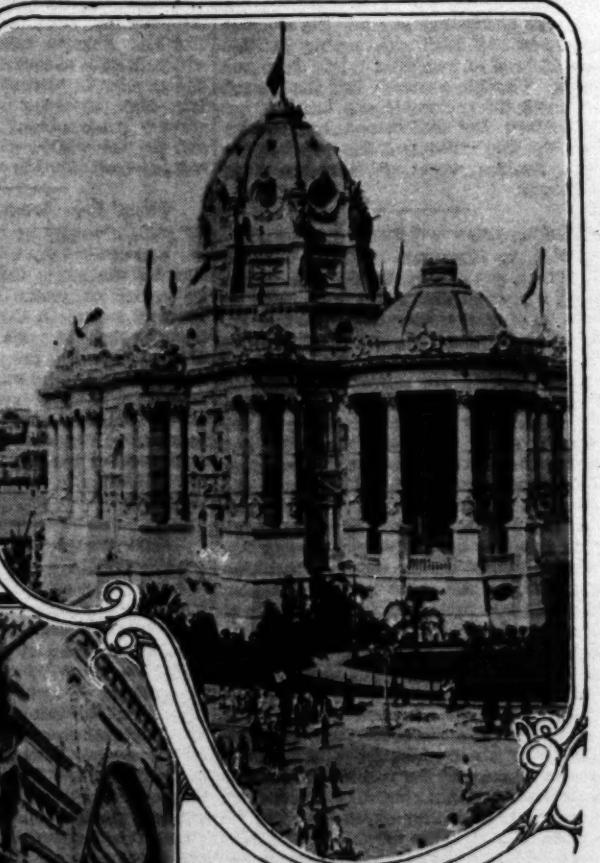
declaration of war, and as a result Brazil is having some of the hardest times of her history. In the past she has been depending for outside aid to the extent of 90 per cent. of her financial requirements, and her resources are so enormous and her possibilities so great that she has had no trouble in borrowing. Today she has to look to this hemisphere for the most of her supplies, and she will gladly welcome financial assistance from us.

The troubles of Brazil began before the war opened. The war in the Balkans caused the withdrawal of much English capital, and money was tight along in 1913. In the beginning of 1914 the trade of Santos showed a decline of 44 per cent, and there were heavy declines in imports and exports. Coffee has been steadily dropping since 1912, and in 1914 it was 40 per cent. below the 1912 price. The rubber industry has been greatly reduced in value by the competition of the cheap rubber of Malaysia. Four or five years ago Para rubber brought as high as \$3 a pound in New York. It has steadily fallen until rubber of that grade is now quoted at 60 cents, and it is a question whether it is not below the cost of production, as far as the Amazon Valley is concerned.

Again the money of Brazil, which rises and falls with the markets of the world, has dropped from its value of about 32 or 33 cents of our money to 20 cents and upward. It fell to 28 cents when the war was declared, and gradually declined until it was only 20 cents last October. A little later it rose to its old figure, 28 cents, but such changes of rise and fall greatly dis-



*New American bank in  
Rio de Janeiro.*



Monroe  
Pizzeria Delizia et Piz

\$18,000,000, and Belgium goods to the amount of something like \$8,000,000. Great Britain has led all other nations, her total sales in 1913 having been almost \$80,000,000. With the exception of Great Britain the trade of all these nations has been practically cut off, and the chances for the introduction of American goods are great.

These opportunities have been increased by the establishment of a branch of one of our chief banks in Rio de Janeiro. The National City Bank of New York has opened a house there, and from now on our financial connections with the country will be close. The development of Brazil must be done with foreign capital, and in the future a large part of that capital must come from the United States. A great deal of money has recently been invested in Brazilian electric and railway bonds, and some of the British undertakings that are now in course of projection are to be backed by American capital.



# Our Trade with Brazil.

By Frank G. Carpenter.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

iron deposits, amounting to billions of tons, which are under option to a syndicate of our multi-millionaires. There are cattle lands in Matto Grosso now in charge of American cowboys, and there is a great meat-packing establishment at São Paulo which has been built with American money, and from which in the near future chilled beef will probably go to the United States.

The government of Brazil is anxious to borrow money, and sooner or later it will ask us to take some of its bonds. The total foreign debt of the republic is now less than \$1,000,000,000. This is held almost wholly in Europe, a great part of it being in the hands of the Rothschilds. Much of the foreign loans of the future will probably be placed in New York.

Until now England has been getting a rake-off on every dollar of trade between Brazil and the United States. As I have said, that trade amounts to more than \$100,000,000 per annum, and the money has had to go through London, the most of it being translated into pounds, shillings and pence on its way to and from dollars and Brazilian reis. At 1 per cent. the charge for its exchange would be \$1,000,000 a year, which is a tidy sum for clearinghouse privileges.

There are also many other charges that go with this exchange of the money, and these prevail to such an extent that both the United States and Brazil have been steadily milked of their profits by the bankers of Threadneedle street.

#### American Ships Frozen Out.

The matter of freight is even worse than that of banking. The European steamship companies have had a combination by which they have prevented any American steamship line being run at a profit between the United States and Brazil. This has been so, notwithstanding we have taken the greater part of her exports. As I have said, we buy the bulk of the coffee crop, but England, France and Germany have so arranged that American ships going to Santos could not get cargoes, and so that if they took American goods to Brazil they could not get any freight to speak of for return, except iron or heavy stuff that went as ballast. A few years ago a steamship line was organized to go from New Orleans to Rio and Santos. New Orleans had no good communication with those ports, and it was thought that there would be a steady stream of coffee going north by the new line to the mouth of the Mississippi. There was not. The coffee which came was in European vessels.

They took it there on their way to Europe, loading at New Orleans with cotton and then going to England or Germany, and bringing back European goods direct to Brazil. This shut out the possibility of cheap American freights. Had the coffee come in American vessels the ships would have gone straight back with provisions and other supplies from the Atlantic and Gulf States. They took similar routes, but they were from England or Germany. The steamship combination saw to it that the United States got no advantage through her reciprocal trade relations with Brazil.

As I have said, we are Brazil's chief customer. She puts an export tax on her coffee, and in return has been giving us a preferential duty as to certain things we sell her. Among these are cement, flour, certain kinds of machinery and other products. What the European steamship companies did was to charge an extra freight rate on all such goods when they were sent from the United States to Brazil. This freight rate was so high that it enabled Europe to send the same goods at an equal or less price than we could sell them, and made our national reciprocal arrangement of no value whatever. For instance, if we got 20 cents off the duty on a barrel of cement, the steamship company would add 20 cents on the freight of that barrel, and so the European cement, which was freighted at 20 cents less, came into Brazil on the same basis as ours.

All this should be changed now, and the establishment of American steamship lines should be so pushed that there will be no trouble in our having a fair deal when peace comes.

#### A Deplorable Showing.

At the time of the war there was practically no American shipping going to Rio. In 1912 just eighteen vessels carrying our flag called at that port. Eleven of those were steamers and the most of them yachts or tugs. One tug was on its way from Cristobal, the Atlantic end of the Panama Canal, taking three coal barges by way of the Strait of Magellan to Ancon at the western end. An-

other was a yacht that had been made in New England, and was on its way to San Francisco and the Arctic Ocean. Its owner was to meet it at San Francisco and go north to hunt. That yacht came into Rio for repairs only.

The other vessels of 1912 were sailers. There were seven of them. In 1913 there were seven freight steamers and two sailing vessels. Of the seven steamers, three belonged to the United States Steel trust. They were ships of 5000 tons. One came monthly to Rio, making the trip in twenty days. It brought down American goods, but it could get no return cargo except heavy stuff as ballast. It could get no coffee, notwithstanding hundreds of thousands of sacks were going to our country on European ships. I am told that the men who export in European ships get something like 7 cents off of each sack exported.

Some of the few ships that go to Brazil from the United States have interesting cargoes. One of the regulars is a schooner from Boston known as the R. W. Hopkins. She makes the trip to Rio de Janeiro only once a year and carries apples, pears and ice for the Christmas trade. She usually has something like 2000 barrels of apples and pears on board. The fruit is brought on consignment and has been ordered the year before. It is grown in New Hampshire. The owners of this ship have been doing business for two generations and the present owner promises to have a steady job for a lifetime to come. Its business in carrying ice has fallen off. In the past the ice was used for preserving the fruit and there was a profit both on the ice and the fruit. Now Rio has ice factories of its own. At present the cold storage freight rate on fresh fruit from the States is about \$23 a ton. The rate on similar goods from England by the Royal mail line has been about \$22 a ton, while other lines have been charging as low as \$15. This shows the kind of competition our fruit has had.

Nevertheless, the American apples are so good that they bring a high price. They sell on the fruit stands of Rio from 8 to 18 cents apiece, and you see them on the menus of the leading hotels at about 40 cents per course. A course of fruit means two or three apples, a pear or so and a bunch of grapes. Much of the fruit is sent in fifty-pound boxes and not a little is shipped across the United States from the Pacific Coast to New York and thence down to Rio. The apples imported in 1912 brought \$219,000 on board the ships.

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#### Telling Time with a Compass.

[Engineering and Mining Journal:] It is commonly known that points of the compass can be determined by the use of a watch. By pointing the hour hand toward the sun, a bearing half way between the hour hand and 12 o'clock on the watch is true south. It is not generally known that time can be told by the compass with equal facility. Take the true azimuth or bearing of the sun and subtract from it 180 degrees; multiply the remainder by the fraction 1-15, and the result will be the hours before or after 12 o'clock noon.

#### The Passing of Tipperary.

[Chicago British American:] The substituting of the hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers" for "Tipperary" by the English soldiers at the front for their war song shows a marked change in the trend of their thoughts. The flippant boy who left home a few months ago has been metamorphosed into the serious man. "Tipperary" was a good lively tune to keep up their spirits in marching away from home, but in the trenches it sounded grim. To endure those horrible shambles something to raise their thoughts above the surroundings was imperative.

#### African Fashion Notes.

[Atlantic:] The prettiest dress of the Mpongwe woman is a cloth drawn up under the arms, a scarf on the shoulders, and a handkerchief folded over the coiled hair in a high stiff fold set well up on the head, rather like a child's idea of a crown. There is a great fancy for purples and lavenders set off with shades of rose and red and a sudden keen note of gilt. With black there will be a touch of most delicious bright green. A cloth and a scarf worn by a woman of beautiful gesture—and a Gabonaise is always that—have a certain mutable charm; the movements of the body, the wind that blows from the sea—these renew and display the folds of the garment so that the eye is intrigued.

Strange Chinese Beliefs. [Tri-Nites:] Among the many extraordinary customs of the Chinese is that of banding years together in groups of twelve, called "cycles," and naming each year of the series after some animal. Thus, the first year of a new cycle is the year of the rat, the second the year of the ox, the third the year of the tiger. Every Chinese born in the year of the rat belongs to the Order of the Rat, and so on. The animal class of every Chinese man and woman is thus recorded, and is held to be of great importance in foretelling the future. Another curious fact about the Chinese reckoning of time is that in the Celestial Empire a child is held to be one year old as soon as it is born. With the absurd superstition so dear to the oriental mind, a baby boy is frequently given a girl's name in order to deceive the evil spirits, who, apparently, have an objectionable habit of making it as hard as possible to rear a male child successfully.

#### Moses and Sanitation.

[Boston Transcript:] There has been gathered a collection of facts to prove that the sanitary laws of Moses were not only on a line with the modern rules of hygiene, but in some cases in advance of them.

The Jew, thousands of years before Christ, settling in a semi-tropical country, was forbidden to eat pork or shellfish, and milk was designated as a source of contagion. In the Talmud a method of slaughtering animals was prescribed which is acknowledged today in our markets as the most sanitary.

Five thousand years before Koch gave to the world the results of his researches in bacteriology, the Mosaic law pointed out the danger to man from tuberculosis in cattle, but did not forbid infected poultry as food. It was only a few years ago that German specialists discovered that fowl tuberculosis was harmless to man.

The Mosaic law also enforced the isolation of patients with contagious diseases and the burial of the dead outside all cities. These hints the Gentile world did not fully accept until a century or two ago.

The wise lawgiver prescribed not only fasting at certain periods of the year, but the removal of whole families in summer out to camps, where for a time they could live close to nature. Maa... of the laws of Moses were prescriptions intended for the health of both mind and body.

#### London Has Pickpockets.

[Boston Transcript:] It appears that pocket-picking is the only offense in London that has shown a tendency to increase recently, and that only in the day time. On first thoughts this seems strange; one would imagine that the pickpocket would reap a goodly harvest in London crowds these nights. But a more careful survey of the matter will show why this assumption is wrong.

A man in a crowd at night invariably thinks of his pocket; he knows that pickpockets have a liking for crowds, so he is on his guard, the consequence being that the pickpocket finds more risk attached to his work.

The decrease in crimes of violence, however, cannot be attributed to the darkness; it is for the most part due to the no-treating order. Drink is the cause of a large proportion of such crimes. It is noticeable that many of the murders and suicides in the poorer districts of London take place on Saturday nights, when workers have plenty of money.

But credit must at least be given to the Zeppelins for having helped to facilitate the work of the police force.

#### A Tree Becomes Angry.

[Answers:] Did you know that a tree can get angry?

There is a kind of acacia in Nevada that not only is "touchy," but, as the gardener put it, "goes very mad."

It is about eight feet high, and is a very rapid grower. When the sun sets it is ready to go to sleep, and shuts its leaves together, and coils up the ends of its twigs just like a pig-tail.

If anyone pulls that tail—well, the tree doesn't squeal, but it flutters and moves uneasily, and seems to be deeply agitated.

If it is ever disturbed by a shock, such as transplanting, the leaves stand out in all directions and quiver violently. Strangest of all, they send out a pungent, nauseating odor, that is most unpleasant.

It takes this bad-tempered tree an hour or two to get back into good humor.

"Bell." WHEN THE LIGHT OF THE WHOLE WORLD DIED.

By G. A. Jamieson.

The man beside the shack leaned forward, his eye on the blood-red disk that sank from sight across the gray stretches, his ear strained to the sounds that stirred in the shadows within. Then there was a thin wail and he rose quickly and strode back and forth on the baked earth. Presently the doctor came out.

"It's a boy," he said, his hand gently on the other's arm.

"Now, I may go—" began the man, impatiently, turning to the door.

"No—not yet," the doctor returned, kindly. "Sit down."

The man's chin dropped to the palm of his hand as he gazed fixedly into the darkening spaces.

"Bell—wanted a boy," he began, hesitatingly. "Now, she'll be perfectly happy—not meanin' she ain't been happy," he broke off. "Never was two people happier'n me an' Bell since—Doc, did I ever tell you how I come to meet Bell?" he asked abruptly.

"Well, I was on my way up from Texas, headin' for the Comanche Openin' to run for a claim. It was in the Territory, 'bout this time of day—the sunset out there brought it all back to me. I never knew just how it happened, but my bronc took a sudden fright an' pitched me head first onto the prairie. I couldn't move an' it seemed a thousand knives was cuttin' into my vitals; then I didn't know no more till I waked up next mornin' an' found the prettiest creature I ever set eyes on a-settin' by my side bathin' my wounds. I thought she was an angel—which she was, for it was Bell—an' she was so gentle an' the touch of her soft hand sent my nerves a-flingling so I wished I had a thousand wounds. Well, she an' old man Logan, her father, was on their way to the Comanche country to run for claims same as me, an' soon as I was able to travel we pushed on. Well, Logan an' Bell run for claims an' got 'em. I was still crippled up an' couldn't run, an' Bell offered me hers. It was jest like Bell, but of course I couldn't think of acceptin', but I made up my mind I was goin' to have her. I persuaded the ol' man to let me live with him that year an' help him open up his land, an' I guess I was the happiest man in the whole world, an' I ain't knowed nothin' but happiness from that day to this—an' now the boy—makes me proud an' glad for Bell. She always said she wanted a boy—" He was silent a space, then began reminiscingly:

"It seemed I'd gone to sleep on the prairie that day the bronc threwed me an' when I woke up it was in a new world. Bell was the sun that lit it. There ain't nothin' like love to brighten up life—an' since I've knowned Bell—well, I jest couldn't live without it. I fell in love with Bell on sight, an' I've been fallin' deeper an' deeper ever since—"

He rose eagerly, a fine light leaping in his eyes. "Now, Doc, I must go to Bell—an' the boy—"

The doctor touched his arm restrainingly.

"Bell," he said huskily, "Bell is dead."

#### "Sages Are Not Really Wise."

Sages are not really wise  
Till they read in Folly's eyes  
Lore that puts to rout their rules,  
Wisdom that escapes the schools.

Tell me, Sages, what love is!  
Silent? But what fool would miss  
Kiss of laughter, glance or sigh,  
Waiting for your slow reply.

Sages, tell me, what life it!  
While you prate of "joy" and "strife,"  
Mumble, definitions give,  
Fools like me rejoice to live!

While you labor, dig and seek,  
Dull of eye and gray of cheek;  
While you study, delve, explain,  
Define, examine, think, refrain.

Ponder on the meaning of  
Life and death and joy and love,  
Laws discover, reasons frame,  
We fools are playing at the game!

Seers and sages are not wise,  
Lacking wisdom to revise  
All they've learned and taught in schools  
By the laughter of us fools!

—[Don Marquis, in *New York Evening Sun*]

BUSINESS CHANCES.

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HOW THE WAR AFFECTS THE FINANCIAL

AND MONEY.





# The Day-Old Chick—A Southwest Pest.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg

TEN-CENT CHICKS.

## Acreculture and Homecroft Topics.

By M. V. Hartranft.

### DEFINITIONS.

WEBSTER defines a croft as a small inclosed field, adjoining a house; a small farm. A crofter is one who rents or owns and tills a small farm—as the crofters of Scotland. And, therefore, a homecroft is a home sustained by a small farm. In America, the land of big things, the word "homestead" denotes a vast estate as compared with the Scotch word homecroft. We must either adopt the title of "garden-farm" or homecroft to always convey the meaning of this new development in Southern California life.

Half the homecrofters of Southern California!

A homecroft association in your community will mean more than a garden-farm club; homecrofting comprehends every detail of living in direct co-partnership with the Creator of Southern California. It means not only the collecting of your living direct from the soil, but also multiplying the religious, social, amusement and financial resources of your community. In other words, the homecroft association of Southern California, being formed under the leadership of George H. Maxwell of the National Reclamation Association, intend to relegate money-getting to a secondary and unimportant place, by making it a primary plan of our daily life to "take" our living directly from the garden and poultry pens in this glorious climate of California so that we get along very much better without very much money.

If you are accustomed solely to the fateful wage system and have not followed the subject on this page during the past ten months, you may think this is an ideal fad, but you will find, upon investigation, that the plan is being successfully written upon the face of the earth in California, and a sounder economic basis for our future prosperity thereby being laid.

### The Unimportance of Money.

The homecrofter in his abandonment of money as the primary wheel in his life machinery has notable companionship in the recent action of the German government, which refuses to sell sugar-beet seed to American importers "unless the beet seed is paid for in commodities and the safe delivery thereof in Germany guaranteed." Germany refused American gold for her beet seed and demanded grain.

Germany made this refusal, because in undertaking to transform gold into corn and wheat from America she had to run the blockades of battleships, fortifications and submarines and pay the cost of foreign exchange both ways. She, therefore, demanded payment for her beet seed directly in American foodstuffs.

The newcomer, past his prime, who comes to California to sell his labor for money with which to buy the necessities of life, like Germany, must run the blockade of finding a job, and pay the premium of exchange to every broker, agent, carrier and other factors constituting the frightful overhead charges of modern civilization. Instead of attempting to turn his labor into money to buy his canned beans and canned asparagus, he can collect these and all other necessary foodstuffs direct from his homecroft with the expenditure of just one-fifth the labor ordinarily required. Instead of eating those commodities from cans he will have fresh beans throughout winter (Windsors) and when his asparagus has finished sprouting and gone to seed he will use the superior winter, autumn and summer substitute, referred to herein below.

Millions of the best class of American citizenship have reached that point in life where their personal problem is parallel to that of Germany. These prime American people, who have passed their prime with moderate savings, look yearningly to this land of dreams, and the first question they ask is for light employment. The homecroft leaders answer them that we have one great job in California, that's big enough to go around. The job of feeding yourself direct from this land, where there are no lay-offs on account of weather, and the wages consist of a good living for a family by the diligent, methodic labor of one man only two hours a day. We have put entirely too

many of these newcomers to work building bungalows without a croft therewith to sustain them. Greater Southern California will build bungalow homecrofts through all the years thenceforth to come.

The homecrofter soon learns that proper attention to the necessary twelve hens (no more) the milk goat, the eight pair of pigeons, a few rabbits, the garden work, does not require over two hours of weekday labor for the luxurious living of a family of five, leaving the rest of the day for the money-getting pursuits to cover the expenses of clothing, taxes and amusements. The low cost of living in Southern California, when understood, will make the dream of our wildest promoters come true, because that fact alone when worked out daily by thousands will attract to us a population of our own kin and kind that will make the face of this land smile and abolish all fears about preparedness.

### Homecroft Doings.

Now that the autumn leaves have fallen remember to save them. Into the humus-hole they go. Do you see that smoke rising from yonder tree clump? A la Sherlock Holmes, we decide that those folks are either shiftless Mexicans or hustling Americans, for they both burn their vegetable litter. All leaves, vegetable litter and manure must go back to the soil, primarily for the mechanical and bacterial effect, and secondarily, for their food value. The sour-clover, one of our most persistent weeds, has been found to be the best green manure crop we can raise to plow under in the spring. All weeds are humus; turn 'em under.

January is pruning time, manuring time and the time to make ready for the warm skies of February. Get the ground spaded or plowed up roughly and leave it so, having first broadcasted it with manure. Orchard planting and pruning are right upon us in January, so let December see the finish of manuring and soil treatment. January, also is the time to top-work over some excess trees that you have by grafting new varie-

ties to spread fruiting period over a wider range of the summer.

Send for the nursery catalogues, but before you order hold a while until we can get our data in. We shall probably consider, next week, the question of the "Model acre versus the muddled acre." The new homemaker is almost certain to muddle his place up with from two to three times as many trees as he can possibly ever use the product of. He will order and plant from 75 to 100 standard trees, while the rule of homecroft success will not tolerate more than twenty-five to thirty-five standard-sized trees at the most upon an acre croft. This covers, with some exactitude, the variety and quantity needed for an average family of five. Peach trees yield from 300 to 800 pounds per tree when matured.

How many trees, therefore, do you need for your homecroft use? If you think that you will sell the surplus you must remember that homecrofting is not a system of raising fruit and vegetables to peddle. To make money at that you are forced to lower your standard of living to the plane of the oriental competition you meet. Of course, you will have to adopt some operation for the secondary purpose of money-getting. We have other lines of occupation open to you, and if you will follow the homecroft schedule, you will have the major portion of the day remaining for that end of the problem of life.

For the half-acre homecroft and the quarter-acre-lot men we will have to go into the subject of dwarf fruit trees again. We refer you to our articles on this subject in The Times Illustrated Weekly of March 27 and May 8, 1915, and to an article upon this subject in the Country Gentleman of December 11, now on newsstands, about such a garden developed in Sacramento, only forty by sixty feet in size. You can plant sixty dwarf fruit trees in the space usually occupied by four of the standard-sized trees. I now wonder if our home nurserymen have begun to raise this line, for the demand that will ensue for dwarf fruit trees. We called attention of the nursery trade to this subject last spring.

A report from those nurserymen who are ready with dwarf stock will be considered a matter of public value if such information is furnished us. We shall try to cover this tree subject from the homecroft standpoint during the next two issues.

### Homecroft Winter Asparagus.

Have you had the rich white succulent stems of the Swiss chard served as the superior winter substitute for canned asparagus? Cook the stems of the leaves as you would cook asparagus and serve with melted butter. Don't use the old stringy leaves. The young leaves are used as spinach for greens. Because of rapid growth and that it regrows after denuding it of leaves the chard has been grown a great deal for poultry food. It is a mistake to overlook its value for your table, because it is one of the leaders of the January supply column and also important all during the year. It grows as easy as radishes. Get a five-cent package and follow instructions.

In the delicacies of the season from the outdoor pantry there is the celery-cabbage. It is known locally as Chinese cabbage and grows exactly as you would grow lettuce. Start some at once. You will be agreeably surprised.

January and February are good times to plant asparagus, rhubarb, horse-radish and artichoke. The latter is so easily grown and so ornamental that your garden must not be without it. Buy several rooted plants of artichoke and remember they need water once a week. Chard, lettuce, onion sets, cabbage and cauliflower all stand planting in January well, as also many others noted in the programme herewith. Get these kinds in at once and be sure to clean up your tree planting and grafting in January, so as to have maximum time for attention to the garden when warmer weather comes.

### January's Out Door Pantry.

The homecrofters, of course, made their own raisins and grew their own walnuts to fill the Christmas boxes. That work being

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

### JANUARY GARDEN PROGRAMME FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

PLANTINGS	Amount for Family of Five	CULTURAL DIRECTIONS AND TROUBLE COLUMN	BEST VARIETIES
Asparagus	100 roots	Excellent border row. Manure heavily; also nitrate soda.	Bouldin Isl.
Bean	30 Windsor	Plant 3 beans each hill; 10 inches apart in rows which are 30 inches apart. Use Windsors as Limas; Sulphur for mildew; Bordeaux for rust; or use soap-suds from laundry tub, adding teaspoonful Goldust to each gallon of suds.	Broad Windsor,
Broccoli	Plant 4 each week or 20 each month	An inferior form of Cauliflower; same culture as cabbage.	Purple White
Beet	Sow 16-ft row every six weeks	Soak seed 36 hours. Sow thickly and thin to 2 inches apart for table. Use tops as greens. 6 inches apart for stock beets. Bordeaux stops gray spots.	Crosbys, Egyptian, "Giant Rose Mangel" for cows
Brussels Spr.	2 or 3 plants	Plant near dripping spigot and they will sprout and resprout.	Copenhagen Cannon Ball
Cabbage	Sow 5c pkg. early also late variety	Also buy 24 plants now. Look for green cut worms by candle light. Dose with salt water. Also plant Chinese cabbage.	French Forcing Oxheart
Carrot	Sow 20-ft row 4 times a year	Sow thick; thin to 1 inch apart. Difficult to germinate; use sand.	California Pearl Dry Weather
Cauliflower	Sow 5c pkg. early and late variety	Same as cabbage, but keep moist regularly. Two transplantings between seed bed and garden advisable.	White Purple
Garlic	Guess it	Culture same as onion.	1000 headed
Kohlrabi	Sow 5c pkg in seed bed	Culture same as cabbage. Sow seed every 8 weeks.	"Los Angeles Market."
Kale	Sow 5c pkg. now	Plant every 12 weeks. Fine for poultry and for greens.	Guernsey Hollow Crown
Lettuce	Sow in seedbed; transplant 36 plants ea. mo	Make ridges 12 inches wide on top and 15 inches apart. Irrigate between. Set rows on outer edge of ridge, with heads 8 inches apart. Keep moist.	White
Parsnip	10-ft. row now and again in February	Rather difficult to germinate. Use sand and cover lightly.	Stratagem Yorkshire
Onion	1 quart of sets	Set on ridge same as lettuce, 2 inches apart in row. Plant new set whenever an onion is removed. Change bed once year. Use poultry manure.	French Breakfast Scarlet Turnip
Pea	Use your judgment	Now is time, but peas in California are a delicacy, costing enormously in garden space and labor.	Japanese Mikado
Radish	6-ft. row	Plant once a month in rows 15 inches apart.	Dunlap A.
Spinach	6-ft. row	Thin and transplant to 10 inches apart in rows 2 feet apart.	Lucullus
Strawberry	50-ft. row	Will yield from April till frost. 50 quarts on a 50-ft. row.	"Round White six weeks"
Swiss Chard	8-ft. row	Same culture as for beets, except thin to 8 inches apart in rows 16 in. apart.	
Turnip	10-ft. row	Plant Rutabagas every 12 weeks, and early varieties every 8 weeks. Thin to 3 inches apart in row; Swedish thin to 4 inches apart.	

## Blazing the Trail for Civilization.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

body of Zulus sprang into view. They were coming along the road we had fortunately left a few minutes before. We all lay down flat in the grass, and the warriors, fresh from their bloody work, brushed past us, singing their hideous war song, Isibungo. As soon as it could be done with safety, my father advanced toward the spot whence came the sound of voices, and, against his orders to remain with the rest of the family, I stole away, following him a little distance. As we came nearer the voices became more audible. We had hardly gone a hundred yards before I beheld one of the most ghastly sights I ever saw. A score of men, women and children lay scattered about in the road. We also discovered with dismay the dangerous position we had ventured into. About twelve warriors were still busy plundering the apparently dead bodies of the men, and committing crimes upon the female victims which I cannot describe, and which, at this distant date, still make me shudder when I think of them. When my father saw the warriors his first thought was of our safety, and he looked back with much concern towards the spot where he had left his family. It was only then that he discovered my presence. However, he could not say more than "Lie down quietly." The cruel and barbarous tragedy before him had fired him with the desire to avenge the suffering and death inflicted, and as he gave me a last look to assure himself that I had obeyed him this time, his eyes frightened me, for a grim determination shone in them. He emptied his bandolier into his coat pockets and keeping one cartridge in his hand and holding two more in his mouth for quick action, as an old fighter is apt to do, he leveled his Martini-Henry rifle at the black devil who seemed to be the leader of the band and fired. As the report of the old-fashioned rifle rang through the still night the hillocks across the creek gave a double echo. The Basuto fell dead. His comrades, greatly surprised, rushed forward and crowded around him, evidently thinking that one of their victims had fired the shot. My father made use of the confusion that ensued and rapidly fired four, five, six shots into them. By this time we were discovered and three of them rushed at us with their spears poised, but my father picked them off, the last one falling only a few feet from us. Those left, I never knew how many, broke and ran. We went forward and found nine of the black brutes lying dead among their victims. The scene was indeed a pitiable one. Three of our neighbors, fellow farmers, lay with their heads severed from their bodies, and eighteen women and children, mostly all dead, were also found. A young girl was alive, but unconscious. Several of the smaller children still lived, but they were all wounded. These farmers, in their flight, had been overtaken by the Basutos, and after a fierce struggle, in which they fought to the last for the lives of their loved ones, they died the cruel death which so many thousands of frontier farmers had met at the hands of the South African savages on that fateful day. The three brave fellows had killed over forty Basutos before their ammunition gave out. We brought the rest of the family, so that father and mother might extend what aid they could to those still alive. We brought water from the little creek near by, carrying it in our hats in the absence of any kind of receptacle, and my mother bathed the pale, white faces of the innocent victims who were still living. The young girl finally revived, as well as several of the smaller children.

## A Mother's Pitiful Pleading.

It was not safe for us, however, to abide long. After dragging all the bodies out of the road and covering their features, we took the girl and the three children, this being the number we could help along, and continued our flight. Among those whom we left behind were five women and two children yet alive, but in a condition that made it impossible for them even to take a step. One young woman, whose baby was one of the three children we were taking along, pleaded in a heart-breaking manner not to be left behind. Her left limb, however, had been cut off and we could do no more than bandage the wound with strips of mother's skirt and promise her that we would rush on to the camp and send relief as soon as we reached there, which would be in a few hours, if no further obstructions lay in our path.

As our burden had now become heavier, we proceeded at a slow rate. The young

girl, who received only shock wounds, was weak, not from the wounds, but from the barbarous outrages those black dogs had committed upon her pure, innocent person, and as we could not follow the trail or highway for fear of being ambushed, we walked through the veldt. The grass grew high and wild, and walking, especially at night, was therefore difficult. I was called upon at intervals to assist in carrying the rescued children, the one being merely a baby, and though feeling that every bone in my body was tired, the pity aroused in me at the scene of slaughter seemed to give me strength, and I helped as much as it was possible for me to do.

## A Haven of Safety in Sight.

It was long past the midnight hour when the shrill crowing of roosters at a distant farm told us that at last we were nearing a friendly region. But we walked on and on; it seemed we would never reach the camp. Once or twice we sat down to rest for a while. I was completely worn out, and felt a terrible hunger gnawing more fiercely every hour. I fell on the grass asleep, and my father had to give me a hard tug to wake me up and keep me going. I know how I complained bitterly of hunger more than exhaustion, and never did I see a more despairing look of utter helplessness and heart-aching sympathy on a woman's face than my mother's presented when I complained of being hungry. It was the true mother's feeling for her offspring when food is asked and she has none to give.

We were descending a long, grassy slope, dragging ourselves with our last energy, when the eastern heavens began to flare with the first rays of the young day. As the light grew stronger a scene came into view which made our hearts leap with joy. Away and beyond the Kubus River, only about a mile farther on, lay the camp, a veritable sea of wagons and tents. I could not then understand, as I do now, what filled the souls of father and mother, when, at the first sight of the camp, they stopped, and with tears of gladness filling their eyes, looked heavenward and poured forth to God the feeling of their grateful hearts. When we started again to complete the last stage of our desperate flight there was a smile on poor mother's drawn and careworn face. She patted me on the head as I trotted by her side, and said: "Thank the good Lord, we are saved."

A "Shover of Queer."  
THE STORY TOLD BY THE CAT'S-PAW OF THE COUNTERFEITER.

By Morton Ellis.

The old-time detective threw away the butt of his cigar, the company settled themselves more comfortably in their chairs, drew closer to the stove—it was a wintry night—and prepared to listen.

"I remember," the old-time detective began, "an incident that happened many years ago when I was a very young man, that, more than any other one thing in my life, caused me to go into the thief-taking business. I left my home in a small town of the Middle West, journeyed to the big city to make my own way in the world, and incidentally make a fortune. But the first couple of weeks of life in the city amid strange people and surroundings didn't turn out as I expected—far from it. I failed to land a job of any kind, my money soon ran low, and there I was in imminent danger of becoming broke altogether, with no prospects in sight. Well, I awoke one fine morning with just exactly 60 cents in my pocket. Without permitting myself, however, to become discouraged in the least, I started out on my daily rounds looking for work, willing to accept the first job that presented itself. I made it a rule then, as well as in after life, never to sit idly by waiting for something to turn up, but rather endeavored to do a little turning up myself.

"Well, to shorten a lengthy tale, the end of the day showed no results. Once more I had failed. I well recollect standing in front of a first-class theater that night, thinking of all the trivial incidents of the day, looking over the bills and posters and wishing I had enough money to spare to see the performance—an all-star cast presenting a very fine drama.

"As I stood there rather idly reading the posters and bills, I noticed a tall, well-dressed man of pleasing face making a round of the lobby, looking at the photos of theatrical celebrities on the walls, and every

now and then casting sidelong glances in my direction. I thought nothing of it, but finally he came to where I stood and said:

"This seems to be a pretty good show."

"Yes," I answered, "I believe it is, although I've never seen it."

"Are you a stranger in the city?" he asked.

"Yes, I've been here only a couple of weeks."

"Well," he said, "I'm a stranger, too."

"One question brought on another, and he told me he was a mining man, just arrived from some place or other in South Africa."

"Do you ever indulge in a little drink?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "very seldom; but since it is a warm night and just to be sociable I don't mind if I do."

"We strolled along the street and passed several bar-rooms. 'I don't like the looks of any of these places,' he said; 'let's walk along 'till we come to a first-class bar.'

"Finally we got to a corner saloon with a front and side entrance. 'Let's go in here,' he said.

"On entering the place he slipped a silver dollar into my hand and remarked, 'Here, you pay for it.'

"I stepped to the bar, which was crowded with men drinking, ordered two small beers, while my new-found friend excused himself and went to the lavatory in the rear. He soon rejoined me, we drank our beer, and when I tendered him the 90 cents change, said: 'That's all right; put it in your pocket.'

"Into my pocket it went. Evidently, I thought, this gentleman had divined my financial condition and sympathized with me. Probably he is wealthy—all mining men are.

"We strolled along leisurely. My friend began telling me of his mining experiences in different parts of the world—Alaska, South Africa, South America, etc., of the fortunes he'd dug from the ground and lost through unsuccessful ventures in other fields, and of his ups and downs in general. It was all very interesting. While relating the story he kept on the lookout—so it seemed to me—for bar-rooms of the better class. At last we came to another corner saloon.

"'Let's go in here,' he said, breaking off his story at a very thrilling point. Slipping another silver dollar into my hand he added: 'Order a couple of short beers. I'll step to the rear and join you in a minute.'

"I stepped to the bar, ordered the drinks, received the change and when I held out the money he said, 'Keep it; put it in your pocket.'

"Now I didn't have time to think of a possible motive for giving me the money, for just as we got to the street again he resumed his story and I soon forgot all about everything except to listen to his talk. Well, we walked probably another couple of blocks along the well-lighted thoroughfare when, pulling me by the arm and stopping abruptly, he said, 'Here, let's go in this place. There's a pipe organ in here that plays pretty fair music.'

"It, too, was on a corner with front and side entrances. As we passed through the swing doors he handed me another silver dollar and said, 'You pay for the drinks while I step to the rear. I seem to be out of order tonight.'

"This explanation was all right so far as I was concerned; in fact, I thought it nothing unusual that he should step to the rear of every bar-room we entered. I was so engrossed with the recital of his mining adventures in different parts of the world I never gave it a second thought. I ordered two beers and this time left the change lying on the bar, thinking my friend would pick it up on joining me. But instead of doing so he merely glanced at it, and remarked in the most matter-of-fact way, as if the pieces didn't amount to that many pins, 'Pick it up and put it in your pocket.'

"I did so. I now possessed three times 90 cents in change. Before we even left the bar my friend took up the thread of his narrative and I was listening rather spellbound, I must say. In all my experience I've never listened to a more interesting conversationalist. My mind was completely engrossed with the subject, so much so that after we had walked another short distance and he proposed entering another saloon—on a corner—I made no objection. Once again he pressed a silver dollar in my hand and remarked, 'Here, take this and order a couple of small beers.'

"As usual, he stepped to the rear, while

I stood up at the bar. And again, when the bartender laid the change down I let it remain, thinking my friend would surely pick it up this time. But I was mistaken. Dashing off the glass of beer, which really contained little more than a couple of mouthfuls, he remarked, 'There's your change; put it in your pocket.' With emphasis on 'your.'

"I did so. 'Gee,' I said to myself, 'I must have three or four dollars by this time. I wonder how long it's going to keep up.'

"As we walked along, my friend still relating his wonderful mining experiences, I was so taken up with his conversation by this time that if I had suspected anything at all I would never have given it a second thought, for, in the first place, he made himself so agreeable, his recital was so unlike anything I had ever heard that there was little room for a suspicious thought in my mind. However, we finally came to a saloon in the basement—on a corner—the only bar-room in that vicinity, it seemed.

"'This is a pretty respectable place,' he said; 'let's drop in anyway and see the sights.'

"The small amount of beer I had consumed, instead of quenching my thirst, seemed to increase it. We went in the front entrance; a side entrance led to another street. It was one of those big German bars, with framed pictures all over the walls, music from a quartette of musicians, and all in all a place that did a tremendous business. The bar was crowded to suffocation—four bartenders serving drinks of all kinds. On descending the stairs the mining man pressed another silver dollar in my hand and said, 'Pay for it. Order me a drink while I go to the rear, but remember I never drink anything but a small glass of beer.'

"I wedged in among the drinkers, gave my order and laid down the dollar. The bartender served the drinks, picked up the money, and was just about to ring it up, when, wheeling suddenly, he bounced the dollar up and down on the bar several times. My suspicions rose for the first time. I turned my eyes to the rear to see if my friend was coming, and saw him come out of the rear room just as the bartender was testing the dollar on the bar. He gave a quick glance in my direction, pushed the swing doors open and disappeared from view. I turned to the bar again. The bartender was still bouncing the money up and down, turning it over and sizing it up from all angles with a puzzled look on his face. He gave one glance at me, looked at the dollar again, and turning to the register, remarked, 'Ach, I guess it's good,' and he threw it in the drawer.

"Now my suspicions were fully confirmed and I determined to get the dollar again, if possible. So I said in the most off-hand way I could command, 'Here, bartender, if you don't think that dollar is all right, let me have it. Here's a dime to pay for the drinks.'

"He opened the register and fished out the dollar—probably glad to get rid of it. I put it in my pocket and, putting a safe distance between me and the saloon, gave the coin a thorough examination. It was one of the finest counterfeits I have ever seen in my life.

"Now I knew why my 'friend,' the 'mining man,' always preferred to drink in a corner saloon, and avoided those bars situated in the middle of the block. An expert 'shover of queer,' he had just manufactured a lot of silver dollars and selected me to test them, before he himself would take a chance. He tried it on the dog, and I was the canine. The following day I called at police headquarters, related my story in detail and gave up the specimen of bad money. When I finished the Chief asked me pointblank:

"Young man, do you think you would know the man again?"

"Yes," I answered, "I believe I would."

"All right; I'll delegate you to go out and find him. If you run across him just call an officer and have him taken into custody. I'll allow you half pay while engaged, and if you succeed in finding him you'll be rewarded substantially."

"After many weeks of ceaseless effort I finally succeeded in running my man to earth—quite by accident. He turned out to be Big Dolan, a 'shover' of 'queer' of international reputation. He is now serving a long 'stretch up the river.'

[Browning's Magazine:] "I've got fever and ague."

"If you keep on like that you ought to shake it off in time."

W  
ESTERN defines a roost as a small  
latch them. Greatest Southern California  
beneath others without a root themselves, but the  
many of these newcomers to work building  
ready with deer stock will be considered  
a matter of public value if such information  
is sent for the nursery catalogues, but the  
range of the summer.

DEFINITIONS.

By M. V. Hartman.

## Agriculture and Homecroft Topics.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

### The Day-Old Chick—A Southwest Pest.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg

#### TEN-CENT CHICKS.

WHEN the day-old-chick business first got to going the opinion was expressed in these columns that its ultimate tendency would be to cause the quality of breeding stock to deteriorate in so far as it applied to commercial poultry culture. At that time many took exception to this opinion; but in the light of actual experiences we see no reason for changing the statement. This is not saying that all day-old chicks are of poor quality, nor that they are not true to breed and variety; nevertheless we believe it is now conceded that many of the day-old chicks that are turned out by some of the mammoth hatcheries are indeed poor stuff, devoid of all real value from a fancier's point of view, and of but little economic importance to the commercial breeder having any regard for purity of blood and vigor in his fowls. The reasons are of course many and somewhat diverse in character; but the chief one lies in the fact that but few of the large commercial hatcheries sustain breeding establishments of their own at all in keeping with their demands for eggs to keep the incubators busy. The result is that many buy their eggs in the open market, regardless of strain, and are often even somewhat careless as to purity of breed and variety. The result is of course obvious—an inferior lot of birds not only in color of plumage, but in type and productive values. The business demanding large numbers of chicks, the operators are "put to it" to secure eggs to maintain the business. Inferior quality must follow any such system, or want of system, in the artificial propagation of fowl in a wholesale way.

Another factor is the low price at which day-old chicks are being handled—often much less than the expert breeder commands for hatchable eggs from his best pens. No breeder handling a recognized strain of standard fowl can sell day-old chicks of pure blood at the present ruling prices that many of the mammoth hatcheries are asking. That fact of itself will cause any thinking person to hesitate to purchase chicks at \$1.50 to \$2 per dozen. Chicks from pure-bred, well-selected matings and recognized ancestry are worth a good deal more money. In our opinion, chicks answering to these conditions should never be sold for less than \$3 per dozen, and by the hundred for not less than \$25. No man can purchase silk for the price of calico, nor sugar for the price of salt, yet there are people who seem to think this perfectly feasible when it comes to buying day-old chicks. Take it from us, it can't be done, has not been done, and will not be done. The person who thinks it is only deceiving himself.

In the interest of an enlightened poultry culture, we say exercise due care in the purchase of day-old chicks, and be quite sure that you are getting what you are bargaining for. Better pay a good price for a good article, rather than take a chance on the 10 and 15-cent chick. For the original cost is only the initial outlay, labor, feed and care being much the greater part—and who wants to put in six months on a mongrel dozen chickens? From such a fate, good Lord, deliver us!

#### The So-called Hen Flea.

R. H. Williams of the Arizona Experiment Station calls attention to the depredations of the so-called hen flea, which is more or less prevalent in the Southwest, particularly in the dry, desert districts. Poultrymen who are cognizant of its presence know how it manifests itself by causing the skin of fowl to show dark spots—it appears as though gun shot were embedded in it. In appearance the adult specimens resemble the ordinary flea, and are usually found in shady places under old barns, houses, hedges, in rough floors and in dusty, untidy places. They become attached to poultry by embedding themselves in the skin, where they suck blood and irritate the bird. The young suffer most, but old birds are also affected. Usually a place is chosen where there are few feather pores. The female becomes imbedded in the skin and a small knot resembling a wart is grown over it. These knots may be very numerous and they always disfigure the birds, giving them what is called a gun-shot appearance. After



ENGLISH SUSSEX COCK.

Imported by G. L. Waring of Santa Monica,

a month or two, the warts usually drop off and leave a sore not unlike that of a burn. It is probable that the adult female attracts the male to where she is imbedded in the skin, and later the male is sloughed off. Eggs are apparently hatched in the abdomen, and when the warts drop, they carry the larvae to the ground, where they mature, if they meet with proper conditions. These ticks will cause the death of young chicks if numerous. Mature birds seldom succumb, but they are much annoyed by the loss of blood and irritation, and the carcass is disfigured for market. As the parasites will not develop in a wet place or where the sun may shine freely, all that is necessary is to introduce these conditions to eliminate the pest. It has been found that soaking all parts of the hen-house and shady spots in the yard with water for a week will keep the larvae from developing. This method has proven efficient as a preventive of the pest.

#### The Meat Breeds in California.

On the part of a number of poultry breeders in Southern California there is being manifested a growing tendency to give more attention to the strictly meat sorts as distinguished from the egg-laying breeds. To be sure we have always had a strong following of the general purpose breeds (those possessing both table and hen fruit qualities) such as the Rocks, Reds, Wyandottes and Orpingtons; but of the really meat breeds, there has never been so strong a following as has developed during the past two years. Of those the Sussex and Dark Cornish have given a good account of themselves under Southern California conditions, not only in the atmosphere of the market place, but also in the exhibition room, as witness the winnings of Los Angeles county birds at the Panama-International show last month. There are probably more and better Sussex birds in Southern California at the present writing than in any other like area in this country. Indeed, we enjoy the distinction of having the largest Sussex poultry farm in America. Importations of choice breeding stock direct from England has been quite a feature among the fanciers of the breed hereabouts, the latest to indulge his love for fine Sussex being G. L. Waring of Santa Monica, who has only just received a cock, cockerel and hen of the speckled variety, a picture of the first mentioned appearing on this page, all of which have won honors at late shows in England. As Mr. Cook, the son of the originator of the Orpington breeds, well says: "There is a big boom in Speckled Sussex in this country (England) and very large prices are being paid for exhibition stock." The Dark Cornish have also gained a strong following and we look for the time when the meat breeds will occupy a strong place in commercial poultry culture, not only in this section, but throughout the State.

#### Artichoke as Green Feed for Poultry.

As throwing further light on the availability of the tops of artichoke (*Cynara scolymus*) as an article of green food for pou-

try, we have received the following correspondence from R. Frederick Grove of Glendale:

"I have at present about 300 artichoke plants growing. Most people know artichoke only as a food for hogs. Now the Jerusalem artichoke, which grows tubers under the ground like potatoes and is raised extensively for stock back East, is not the kind I want to tell about. The Green Globe artichoke is a vegetable growing above ground, and is considered French and Italians one of the most healthful of vegetables. When the stems are cut they will turn black immediately as they are full of iron. I have trimmed my plants for two years and fed the leaves to both chickens and rabbits with excellent results. If a good food for man it certainly ought to be good for animals and poultry. I believe the garden artichoke a desirable green food for fowls, and the Jerusalem artichoke cannot compare with it. If you never have eaten one of the buds or heads sold in the market, better buy some. There is more nourishment in them than in average vegetables."

When the Birds Return Home.

The presence of ailing fowl at the shows that have already taken place, suggests a word of caution in the care of birds on their return home from the exhibition hall. Birds that have been shipped a distance for show purposes, then confined to single coops for a week, surely have been under a strain out of the ordinary when again in their home surroundings. A little extra care, a stimulating ration of which at least 10 per cent. should be meat scraps, and a liberal feeding of green cut alfalfa, supplemented with other green stuff for variety, will be appreciated by the birds. See that they have plenty of exercise, that their quarters are sanitary and comfortable, and the yield of hen fruit will soon again assume normal proportions. Colds, roup, catarrh, and mites are often contracted during the trials and processes of exhibiting a string of birds, hence owners should take every precaution that their exhibition specimens on their return will be exempt from even a suspicion of contamination.

#### The White Minorca.

C. W. Los Angeles, writes to know how White Minorcas compare with the Black. It is stated in poultry books that they lay a similar egg, but have a friend who has White Minorcas that lay a small reddish brown egg. What kind of a breed are they? Have been told that salt was fatal to fowls, oranges and lemons, even the peel, would make hens quit laying.

The White Minorcas should be the counterpart of the Blacks, and if bred true, should lay a white egg, like the Blacks. What breed you refer to is difficult to say; it may be that there is a taint of foreign blood in the so-called White Minorcas you mention that produce eggs with tinted shells. Salt in limited proportions in the dry and wet mash rations is no menace to fowls. Orange and lemon peel possessing no feeding value might as well be kept away from poultry. We have given a flock of Dorkings the run of a small orange and lemon grove, where cull fruit was more or less available on the ground, and never noticed any deleterious effects.

#### The Laying Pullet.

The pullets that are now coming into laying should be given comfortable quarters and handled quietly and afforded an environment that will insure contentment. It is well to give them pens to themselves, moving them in as gently as possible. With wholesome feeding and comfortable quarters there is nothing that will insure productivity in pullets to a larger extent than surroundings to their liking, where fear is unknown, and freedom from disturbances is reduced to a minimum.

#### Sweating Prevented by Salt.

A Swiss physician asserts that the profuse sweating which frequently accompanies certain diseased conditions, and which is annoying and harmful to the patient, may be prevented by the use of common table



THE HEN WITH A RECORD.

The above illustration is of A. A. Dickinson's Barred Rock hen, Peggy, who enjoys the proud distinction of having laid 254 eggs from October 31, 1914, to November 1, 1915. She was hatched April 7, 1914, and commenced laying when seven months of age. Evidently prolificness is not confined to the Mediterranean class, which shows that egg production is quite as much a matter of strain as it is of breeds and varieties.

salt. This discovery was made accidentally, the salt being administered merely for the purpose of replacing the salt lost through the process of perspiration.

It was found that the sweats which accompany tuberculosis and many other diseases were prevented by the ingestion of a teaspoonful of salt dissolved in a half glass of water at bed time. The remedy acts effectively in case of illness, and for the prevention of sweating during muscular exertion. Soldiers in some of the European armies, when about to undertake long marches, prevent excessive sweating by taking a glass of salt water just before beginning the day's march.

[Tit-Bits:] Green—What is a sense of humor?

Brown—A sense of humor is that which makes you laugh at something that happens to somebody else which would make you angry if it happened to you.



#### Now is the time to feed Coulson's Egg Food

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Coulson Company,  
Petaluma, Cal.



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Commercial Fertilizer.....4-10-2  
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Saturday, December 24, 1910.

LOS ANGELES DAILY NEWS

## Dancing Around the World. By Frederick Simpich.

## MANY MOTIVES.

IT WAS the night of the Fourth of July, and at the United States Consulate in cosmopolitan Shanghai a grand ball was in progress. Up in a balcony among other spectators sat a group of silk-clad Chinese officials. Passing among his guests the Consul paused to greet this placid oriental party.

"Well," he said, addressing one of the portly Mandarins, "what do you think of the American dancing?"

"Very amusing, indeed," responded the Chinaman politely. "But why don't you hire coolies to do the dancing—why make your guests work that way?"

Such is the oriental viewpoint. Throughout practically the whole Far East, dancing is regarded as a form of entertainment to be provided by hired professionals—either for the amusement of the spectators, or as a form of religious worship.

Thus the famous "bayaderes," or nautch girls of India—of whom there are more than 12,000 in the southern part of the peninsula alone—are dedicated to the temples & their mothers when the girls are 5 and 6 years of age. These young girls are supposed to be married to the gods, and are styled "servants of the gods." On feast days they dance, forming a part of the Hindu worship. Every American traveler in India has seen or at least heard of these dancing girls—and to the wholesome Yankee mind it is hard to see in what way a bejeweled sinuous nautch dancer, with her tinkling anklets and jade nose ring, can assist in the worship of even an old benevolent looking, fat, brass idol. Also, these little girls' own mothers knew, when they dedicated them to the temples, that they were selling them into lives of shame—for the professional prostitutes of India are recruited from the dancing girls of the temples! Strange to say, too, in this eastern land where nakedness is universal, the girls employed as actresses and dancers are clothed from head to heel. Of these dancers Price Collier, the famous American traveler, said: "I have seen much dancing in Korea, India and Japan, but it is always the same as to propriety. Such lascivious and suggestive performances as are given are for the benefit of the Puritan-bred libertine, whose diet demands more brutal revelations for its satisfaction. I suppose it is largely a question of rice and red meat, and it would be interesting in this connection to have trustworthy statistics as to vegetarian morals."

It is so in French China, and the famous "dancers of the king" at Cambodge—though the climate there is as hot as the middle kettle of Hades—are splendidly garbed in imitation suits of mail, with towering metal head-dresses.

## Savage Dances Have a Meaning.

Among savage dances everywhere the idea of black magic and sorcery, of witchcraft and voodooism is usually lurking. In Africa the "rain doctors" do a weird dance to bring down water when drought threatens the tribes; and the wives of the Gold Coast negroes perform a so-called "battle dance" to give their absent husbands courage when away fighting the enemies of the village. The Zulu war dance is looked on as a noble rite of the warriors—like a Pyrric dance of the old-time Spartans.

These savage dances have changed but little in many generations—showing a universal primitive instinct in all kinds of men. Thus, the Mandan Indians dance the "buffalo dance" when game is scarce, believing the ceremony will cause game to appear; and in Uncle Sam's Philippines, when no fish are netted, the Tagalogas hold a torch-light revel on the sandy tropic beaches, singing and dancing—calling on the fish-gods.

And if you're over in Spain, and have the bad luck to be bitten by a tarantula, the kind-hearted, solicitous peasant will grab his guitar, and play the dance called "la tarantina"—you dance it to exhaustion, and the violent exercise saves you from the effects of the insect's poison.

## The Ancients Took it Seriously.

Dancing is as old as the world, and the highly-civilized man in his luxurious ballroom seems to enjoy it as much as the South Sea cannibal dancing on the palm-shaded sands, warming up for the feast. Children and the lower animals dance and gambol by

instinct. Our earliest records, sacred and profane, make mention of dancing, and among most ancient races it was a part of their religious rites and ceremonies, they dancing "before their altars and around their idols."

Toe-dancing, for example, is not at all the modern French invention which many believe. Pottery dug from the tombs of the Pharaohs in Egypt has been found decorated with girls doing a toe-dance just as it is done today, showing that thousands of years ago this form of dancing was known to the kings.

In old times the famous Greek choruses consisted of the whole population of the city, who met in the public square to sing hymns and dance. The Jews were great dancers.

## Moses Danced on the Beach.

Even Moses and Miriam danced on the shores of the Red Sea, to celebrate the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea on dry land. And David danced before the Ark. The Greeks used different dances to express different passions, and to imitate the passions perfectly in their works of art the old Greek sculptors used to study the movements and poses of dancing girls. All children of 5 or over were compelled by Spartan law, to take dancing lessons. Many of the rude courting dances—as the hula of Hawaii—are no more than imitations of more ancient dances as once practised in civilization. And the "cake-walk," commonly credited to the negro of our own south, was really first danced in Ireland two or three centuries ago.

The Romans alone, in old days, thought it disgraceful for a free citizen to dance, but found sport in making captives perform, as in our own Southwest the cowboy of fiction is wont to make the tenderfoot dance by shooting at his toes.

Perhaps the last survival of ancient dancing in connection with modern Christian worship is found in Spain. Here, during the festival of Corpus Christi, a ballet is danced at night before the high altar at the Seville cathedral by a company of boys in plumed hats and the costume of Philip the Third's time.

Not all old dances were so in conformity with the proprieties; Catherine de Medici introduced a ballet into France—to keep her son, Henry III, from worrying too much over government affairs—that would be hastily suppressed by the Paris police, were an attempt made to stage it today.

## Uncle Sam's Savage Dancers.

When you speak of "American dances" nowadays, you must not forget that there are many Americans who do not live and never have lived in the United States—that Uncle Sam has several million children basking on the sun-kissed sands of languorous tropic isles. And they can dance, too!

Far up in the wooded hills of Luzon, for example, there dwells the pigmy Igorrot race—who take the heads of their enemies as trophies in tribal wars. And when a victory is won they bring in the decapitated heads and mount them on upright bamboo poles in the center of their mountain villages of straw huts; and when night comes a great bonfire is built, the tattooed warriors dance about the poles keeping step to the music of gongs beaten by women. And when the dance is over, a feast of roast hog is spread. What a far cry from the extreme conduct of these tiny island Americans of faraway Luzon, to our ultra-conservative class in the States, to whom the old-fashioned waltz is still "the refuge of propriety!"

Then Uncle Sam has his fanatic Moro dancers of Mindanao and his famous hula dancers of Honolulu. Of course you can't call the Hawaiians savages, but there is much in their graceful hula, danced by sinuous girls scantily clad in girdles of grass and leaves, to the seductive music of the native "ukulele," that is suggestive of old days, when the savage kings ruled the realm of Liliuokalani—and threw their captives over the dizzy Pali cliffs. A modern American police law now forbids the dancing of the original hula, with all its savage trimmings; but in a moderated form, with much of its pristine vigor eliminated, it is still to be seen, on a pleasant moonlight night, in sequestered nooks of palm-shaded Hawaiian valleys outside Honolulu. Like some of our more extreme modern dances such steps as the hula appeal to the more

or less primitive female mind, because they suggest the brute force of the other sex. More subdued dancing shows the advance of civilization.

So all through Polynesia, from Hawaii to Samoa, down in cannibal Fiji, where sorcerers still dance unburnt over red-hot stones, and on down to old Maoriland, as New Zealand was called, one may still encounter the old folk-dances that charmed the masters of wind-jamming whalers and schooners of a century ago. And more than one New England shipmaster of stern Puritan ancestry fell a victim to the charms of these smiling, grass-clad Polynesian dancers, forsaking the arduous sea-faring career for the lotus life and *dolce far niente* of the South Seas.

Down the delectable Cuban isle, too, there's a dance called "la danzon," which is the universal Cuban dance, the oddest, most indescribable of dances, at first the least inviting, at last the most fascinating. Long before turkeys trotted or bunnies hopped in our land, in Havana they walked through dances. But you can dance the "danzon" all night on three feet square of floor. A crowded ballroom is almost motionless; a few steps, a queer shiver that runs down the body, a rest, then a few steps again—so hundreds of couples go on for hours. It would be inexplicable but for the music, the music that seems hideous at first but ends by pulsating in your very blood with some strange magic. It seems forever losing its rhythm, dropping its beats, while at times the barbaric rattling and din of crashing gourds wholly drowns the monotonous melody. There is very little that seems Spanish in the "danzon" music; it hints rather at Africa and the transplanted voodoo rites in the Cuban forests. It makes the beauty of the mulattress the expected, the n----! thing."

## The Devil Dancers.

In the spicy isle of Ceylon there is celebrated from time to time a magnificent ceremony called the "Peranera," a sort of military pageant of native princes, distinguished British Sahibs and gaudily decorated elephants. And this pageant is led through the streets of the Cingalese cities not by a marshal, or a squad of police as would be the case in the United States of America, but by a band of "devil dancers" than whom the Orient knows no character more singular.

These "devil dancers" are nude natives of giant build, their skin fantastically tattooed. Whirling and dancing on hands and feet like the "bat-dancers" of Arabia they bound along the ground just ahead of the sacred elephants. With amazing endurance they keep up this furious dance for hours, leaping high in the air and falling prostrate before the elephants, and continually emitting a chorus of earsplitting shrieks. These parades are usually held at night, and in the sinister red glare of the native torches the scene is unspeakably weird—and hard on a nervous tourist. Some of the devil dancers themselves are said to be maniacs, and are kept in actual confinement, only being taken out when needed for use in a parade. Not unlike these madmen are the "whirling dervishes" of Egypt—who are really half-crazed Arab monks—much esteemed for their piety and devotion.

## The Czar Pensions His Dancers.

No nation in the world dances so much or well as the Russian, and the great ballet at Petrograd is under government control. When the performers have passed a certain age they are given a regular pension, like soldiers in the army. These Russians, like Pavlova and Mordkin, begin the study of their art at the age of 6, and by middle life are usually worn out and helpless. It is said that during their years of preparation their practice is so severe that often for weeks at a time they must walk downstairs backward, their knees being so sore that they can scarcely bend them. The grotesque "squatting dance," so popular among the moushiks and lower classes of Russians, produces an abnormal calf development—the dancer's legs being muscular out of all proportion to the rest of his body.

## The Oldest Vaudeville Circuit.

For a thousand years the pilgrims to Mecca have carried with them dancing girls who perform beside the evening camp fire on such steps as the hula appeal to the more

the gypsy life of the caravan. From far Samarkand and Khorasan these pilgrims come, riding on camels, or carried in palanquins swaying between two stout mules, walking tandem. Sometimes two whole years are consumed in the long march across Persia and Arabia to old Mecca and back. These dancing girls usually travel in trios, accompanied by an old man who plays the Arab flute, and a boy who beats the goatskin tambour, in accompaniment to their dance—which is the original "danse du ventre" so common on our midways a few years ago. A regular monthly salary is paid these girls by the male pilgrims in the caravan. And often on the long march a romance develops and a pilgrim, in addition to earning the title of "Hajj" (which is bestowed on all who visit Mecca) and of having the right thereafter to paint his whiskers a fiery red, finds a wife for himself from among the shapely dancing girls. Some say it was from this class of dancing girls that Herodias came—the same Herodias who danced before the king for the head of John the Baptist.

## The Dancing Mania.

A "dancing craze" in the strictest sense of the word swept the old town of Aix-la-Chapelle many years ago in which groups of men and women, unduly excited by the eccentric festival of St. John, danced in the streets until they went mad. In their frenzy many actually dashed their brains out against the stone walls of this old town. To suppress the mob of insane dancers the Governor had to call out the troops, who threw scores of the leaping dancers into the icy river to calm them.

In the United States of late years there has been a marked revival of the old craze for dancing. In order to hold their younger members, many churches have found it necessary to remove their rule against dancing.

Private schools for young girls have found it necessary to include dancing in their regular curricula, though the task of finding capable dancing teachers is a serious problem. In the attempt to meet this demand for such instructors, schools given over to teaching dancing have in certain instances become veritable normal schools for dancing; but the supply of competent instructors is still far behind the demand and the young normal student in Terpsichore can practically command her own place and price. In all our large cities the May Day and folk dances given by public school children in the public parks are increasing in popularity, and the classic Greek dances staged in the open air by college girls in California and elsewhere are splendid exhibitions of grace, art and poetry, in the movements of the human body. And now, more than ever before,

"Still unaccomplished may the maid be thought  
Who gracefully to dance was never taught."

Dancing itself has been defined as "the expression of inward feelings by means of rhythmical movements of the body—especially of the lower limbs, usually accompanied by music."

And the physical culturists insist that the average over-fed, soft-muscled American needs to dance for his bodily well-being.

Waltzing and two-stepping, like swimming and playing ball, and the fancy and eccentric dances, like strenuous gymnasium work, harden a boy's muscles and make him supple and quick.

Corbett says he owed his famous footwork in the prize ring to his efficiency in fancy dancing; and the great comedian, Fred Stone, is an expert boxer, because when he took up boxing he had already mastered the footwork as a dancer.

[Birmingham Age-Herald:] "What you must do, son, is to lay the foundation for a solid business success."

"That's my idea, dad. Now first, of all, I require sound financial backing."

"I get you, son. I'll provide car fare until you land a job."

[Pall Mall Gazette:] Edythe—Did the duke say he loved you?

Kate—He said he loved the ground I walked on.

Edythe—Where were you when he said it?

Kate—Out visiting papa's gold mine.



# Dancing Around the World. By Frederick Simpich.

*Typical Dancers of Many Nationalities.*



Swahili  
Arab  
girl in  
dancing  
garb



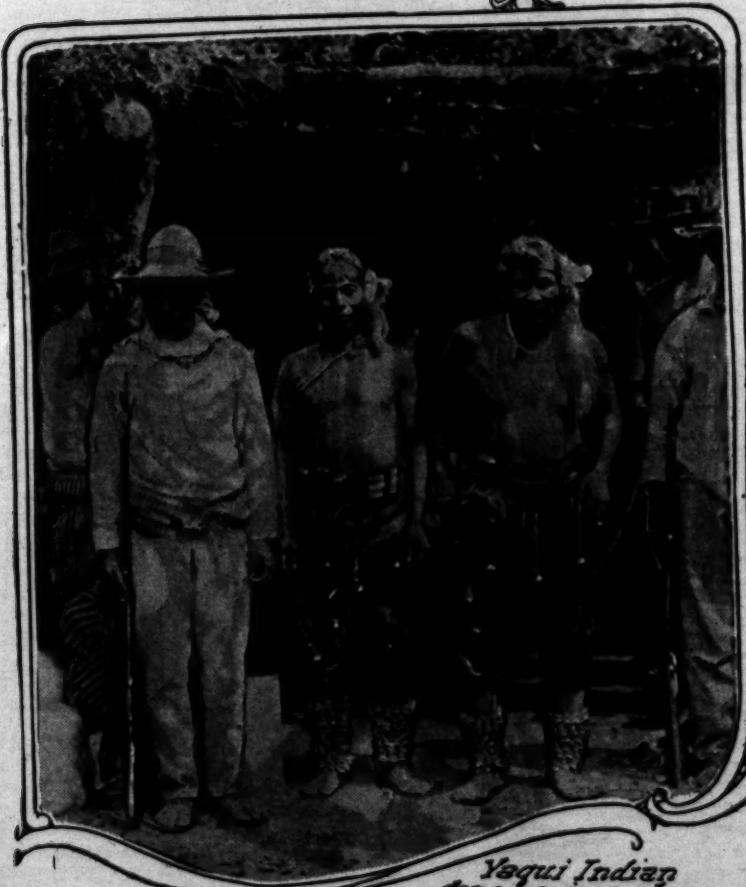
Nautch  
girl  
making  
the Salsam.



Flower dancer  
of  
Bangkok, Siam.



A  
Javanese  
dancing girl.



Yequi Indian  
dancers in costume.



A Hindu dancing woman.

## The Unknown Quantity. By Vlasta A. Hungerford.

### A LONELY GIRL.

**H**E WAS always there, without fail, his window wide to the fragrant night, a shaded light above his head, reading. An overworked, oldish man of the type that fills our big down-town offices. Life had whipped out of him all desire to do big things. He had arrived at that stage where, as a little cog in an organization such as he himself had hoped to build, he was satisfied—satisfied with the daily routine of work that through the years had become mechanical, and living only for the quiet evenings when, undisturbed, he could wander through books that made him young again, and dream dreams that he knew could never come true. Regularity marked his days off into never-varying vistas, and into this rut he had cast his personal habits. Three five-cents cigars a day, no more. The doctor had said it was bad for him. To bed every night at ten, and up every morning at six, excepting Sundays. Sunday afternoons a stroll in the park a half-dozen blocks away, and church on Easter and Christmas. For years he had adhered to this routine, and found it pleasant. Age loves regularity as youth hates it.

And the girl, lonely and homesick, whose tiny top-floor room was directly across the street from him, derived a strange comfort from the Gibraltar-like steadiness of the little man, in the whirl of city life, where country rules snapped like straws and country ideas were laughed at and ridiculed. You may say she hadn't got in with the right crowd. That may be, but it doesn't change the premises in the least. The fact remains that she was new to the city and didn't know how to help herself. And she was young—only eighteen, and pleasure-loving and pretty.

And so, lying on her bed in her unlit little room she would talk under her breath across the street to "Uncle Richard," as she had named him.

"I'm lonesome, but I guess I can stand it if you can, 'Uncle Richard,'" she would say and smile at the gray-fringed bald spot that shone cheerily pink under the low-hanging mazda he read by.

"I guess I'm not the only one who hasn't friends in the city," she would continue to herself, "and I'm going to take out cards at the city library and read evenings, too—" Her thought would trail off unfinished. Eighteen doesn't care so much for books as does sixty, and little Mary Brown's daily routine as stenographer called for something besides literature when came time for diversion.

Once she had accepted an invitation to go out, but the girls had drunk wine and the boys had been more free than little Mary had approved of. She stuck rigidly to her refusal of other invitations.

As she sat by her unlighted window one evening dreaming the dreams that belong to eighteen only, and fortified by the trim presence of "Uncle Richard" reading sedately in his window across the way, she

saw him start, then hastily put down his book and cross the room to the door. The next moment a young giant bulked into the room and took the frail little man in a bear-hug. "Uncle Richard" was plainly overjoyed, and stood pumping up and down at one big, strong arm with his two frail hands. Then they sat down and chatted as though they had not seen each other for years, pride in "Uncle Richard's" whole attitude and but half-concealed adoration in that of the young man.

And suddenly little Mary felt very lonesome and a mist reddened her eyes and a lump in her throat choked her. She was glad "Uncle Richard" had somebody, but sorry that she had no one. Of course, there was grandmother, and she was thankful for that. But grandmother's affection was something fragile and to be petted and humored. And little Mary wanted a love that was big and strong and could take you in its arms as had this possession of "Uncle Richard's"—a love that seemed to say, "Never mind, you've got me to lean on and to stand between you and things"—a father's love, or a brother's, or even an uncle's. But she had only grandmother—who was a hundred miles away.

Little Mary allowed tears of self-pity to fill her eyes and drip unheeded down her cheeks. Here she had been comparing her lonely lot with that of "Uncle Richard," and he had proven to be infinitely richer than she, with that deep affection to lean on. As she watched them through wet eyes, "Uncle Richard" pulled down the window shade. Little Mary gazed dumbly at that excluding curtain, then after a little saw the rind of light at the bottom of the window flash out, and a few moments later two shadowy figures emerged from the boarding-house across the way and disappeared down the dusky street. With a heavy sigh little Mary drew her own curtain and turned on the light and tried to become interested in a book.

In the month that followed she witnessed cozy chats between "Uncle Richard" and his stalwart young guest. He seldom read of evenings now, and he was always going out with his young friend. Even oldish, sober "Uncle Richard" was having a good time. Little Mary's tiny room was growing intolerable to her. She moped around evenings for a while and finally took to sitting on the front steps of her boarding-house and trying to talk to the other boarders congregated there. But this was unsatisfying business. The pretty girls were always going out, and the men, those who weren't engaged or too old, were uninteresting.

So, one evening in sheer desperation she accepted one of the new office girl's invitations to go out with her and her fiance and his friend to a moving-picture show.

Little Mary had never before met her escort and she didn't like him and was sorry she had come. After the show the young people moved across the street to the park, where a band concert was in progress. Little Mary loved music and sat entranced, listening to the band. The new office girl and her fiance disappeared shortly, leaving Mary with her uncongenial es-

cort. But the band was playing gaily and the lights on the lake were pretty, and she told herself that she didn't mind. She was going to enjoy herself.

The concert was over and people were leaving the park, when little Mary, hurrying along, stopped before a bench in the full glare of light, and, overcoming her timidity, addressed "Uncle Richard" sitting gloomily alone.

"Oh, sir," she said falteringly, "I live across the street from you—would you mind my going home with you? It's a dark street and I am alone—and I'm afraid." She stopped anxiously.

"Uncle Richard" looked at her keenly and, noting her obvious distress, invited her to sit down.

"Certainly you may," he said courteously. "But how do you happen to be alone?"

A fictitious reply came to little Mary, but subsided as she looked into "Uncle Richard's" keen blue eyes. She had known that he would have blue eyes.

"I came with one of the girls at the office and her fiance, and his friend. They left us—and he tried to kiss me"—little Mary's face flushed and she vigorously rubbed an insulted cheek—"and I slapped him hard, and he got mad, and I wouldn't let him take me home."

Little Mary didn't know it, but she looked very like a girl "Uncle Richard" had known in the long, long ago.

The little old man was stern. "You should have known better than to go out with a stranger, child. Don't you know any better?"

Little Mary's eyes filled at this. She saw "Uncle Richard" had no patience with youth's foolishness, and in her attempt to vindicate herself she told him her simple history, the necessity of earning a livelihood and the results of her social attempts in the city, and, finally of her confidence in him and the Gibraltar he stood for.

To know that one has been set up as a model is disconcerting to anyone. To modest "Uncle Richard" it was positively painful, and to know that those quiet beloved evenings of his had been shared by a strange little girl across the street who had taken heart in her loneliness from his own apparent resignation to the isolation troubled him.

"And then, after your friend came—and you kept going out, I couldn't stand it any longer. Even you were having a good time—" Little Mary tried to vindicate herself.

"Me—having a good time," exclaimed "Uncle Richard." "A good time! To be dragged out every evening to band concerts and moving pictures and street car rides!" He wearily shook his head. "Is that your conception of a good time?" he asked Mary.

She hung her head guiltily. "I—I have tried reading—like you. I like it some—but not all the time," she faltered.

"Uncle Richard" looked at her appraisingly. He was a rare student of human nature. "I see," he said after a while; then, "I think I can arrange matters to suit us all around. This nephew of mine has been running the legs off me—and he is here

for the winter." The little old man mused for a moment longer.

"I can't stand his pace," he told little Mary presently. "He's out rowing on the lake now; it gives me a cold to go on the lake at night. I'll tell you, Mary Brown. Would you like to go out with us evenings? Bob is a fine boy and it'll help me out wonderfully. I can't go his pace, and I'd like for Bob to know you."

Little Mary's eyes were shining. "Oh how lovely, Uncle Richard," she gasped, then flushed rosy at his amazement at the appendage of "Uncle Richard."

"That's what I called you to myself," she apologized. He smiled.

"You may call me Uncle Jim, now, if you like," he reassured her, "and here comes Bob. I hope you will like each other."

As little Mary shook hands with the big young man she knew she would like him, and Bob's expressions of delight were purely sincere.

A month passed and it was getting cold. Uncle Jim never sat by the open window across the street any more. But little Mary didn't mind. For wasn't she having a good time? Didn't Uncle Jim and Bob take her to the moving pictures, and now that the park band was gone, to an inside concert occasionally?

Truly her loneliness seemed forever routed, and while Uncle Jim mystified her with his odd philosophical musings at times, she and Bob understood each other perfectly. And they were absolutely happy, with youth's unquestioning optimism. They dragged Uncle Jim everywhere with them, until a quiet evening with his beloved books became a luxury. Which was all very good for Uncle Jim, although he didn't know it.

It wasn't so very long before Christmas, when one evening little Mary and Bob, heads close together so that Uncle Jim couldn't hear, were discussing what they would get him. Uncle Jim, looking on, thought of the time when little Mary sat in her darkened window across the street from his, and solaced her loneliness through his own staid deportment. He wondered whether he had really been the steady factor she had believed him, or whether it wasn't just her own twenty-four-carat little self that kept her lonely rather than in uncongenial company. But that she had gained some help through him couldn't be gainsaid. Uncle Jim smiled philosophically.

"It is so with all of us, more or less," he thought. "No man lives to himself, and no man knows whom he is influencing. Mankind is everywhere directed, consciously or subconsciously, and human destiny affected, by this thing, this—this unknown quantity." In his absorption he spoke the last three words aloud. Little Mary, always attentive, stopped her conference with Bob.

"That's something in mathematics, isn't it, Uncle Jim?" she questioned.

"Yes, child. And also in the life of every one of us," replied Uncle Jim. And little Mary, to whom Uncle Jim's savings were more or less of a puzzle, mystified but polite, nodded gravely, as she nestled her small hand in Bob's.

## The Twelfth Man. By Charles Dorian.

### THE INCENTIVE.

**A**LGOMA was the pigmy coaling plant of the giant railway system. That it would grow up some day and open up better jobs was the hope of the few steady men and the despair of the majority.

Yet Algoma had already begun to rise from the deal level of sufficiency and assert its right to stand up to the big ones. It was getting along so well, in fact, that Story, the inspector, who was everlasting bent on economy, cold dollar-splitting, permitted a little sentiment to escape him. And it came in the form of a pun, to-wit: "Little plants can be made to bloom as gorgeously as the big 'uns." Sentiment was surely the verbiage, extravagance, and to think of its rising in those dusty environs and accredited to a man like the inspector!

It happened before the war, when labor

was scarce. In fact, Algoma had run two months short-handed and the brunt of the burden fell upon the foreman. He was cautioned to use a little diplomacy to try to keep the men together. He might as well have been asked to use a little dynamite. He luxuriated in a fine ebullition of anger and snorted to the unresponsive waves over the side of the vessel: "DI-PLOAM-issy be hanged! They send in runts to shovel coal that never handled anything heavier than a spoon and expect me to get the tonnage out on dip—oh, rats! This job needs giants, and a full gang of 'em. If they want the bulk of coal to come out they've got to send in the bulk of gristle to put behind it—not tin sojers that's afraid to sweat for fear they'll rust. Taint like as if it was a big clamshell plant like Fort George, where the heavy work is done with machines. It's man-power here all the time. Let 'em give

us the horse power and the muscle and we'll make the job giddap!"

Story, the inspector, who had quoted the news which had caused this burst of feeling, was walking toward the office, ruminating over another piece of advice from the head office, which was: "By all means keep the day and night gangs running. Port George plant will close down about the tenth and I will send some men from there to fill out at Algoma as in former years. We will need twenty-five thousand tons more coal at Algoma and it will be up to you to keep the full force working."

"Mr. Story!" The inspector wheeled suddenly at the call of his name to see one of the hoist firemen halting him at short range. After him trailed other firemen.

"Well, Joe, what is it?" inquired Story. "We want our wages raised the first of

the month. It's gettin' cold now and ice will be formin' on the tanks that supply the boilers. The pay's pretty small for the work at any time, but the job's pretty hard in the fall and worth more."

Joe Blabord was a tall, slim youth, stretching gauntly out of boyhood. The yellow stain upon his right forefinger and the brown stains upon his gums indicated the very commonest aspirations to manhood. He had acquired the knack of running one of the hoists and was considered a spare man for one of the engineers' jobs. The youth with him was but a beginner.

"I'll put it before the head office," promised Story. "But I'll tell you frankly that I don't think any increases will be granted this fall. Then, you know, the increases depend pretty much upon length of service. The scale of wages here has been figured out closely to meet the conditions."

# The Strategy of Tia Lola. By Harold Playter.

Wednesday, December 23, 1914.

THE STRATEGIC WEEKLY



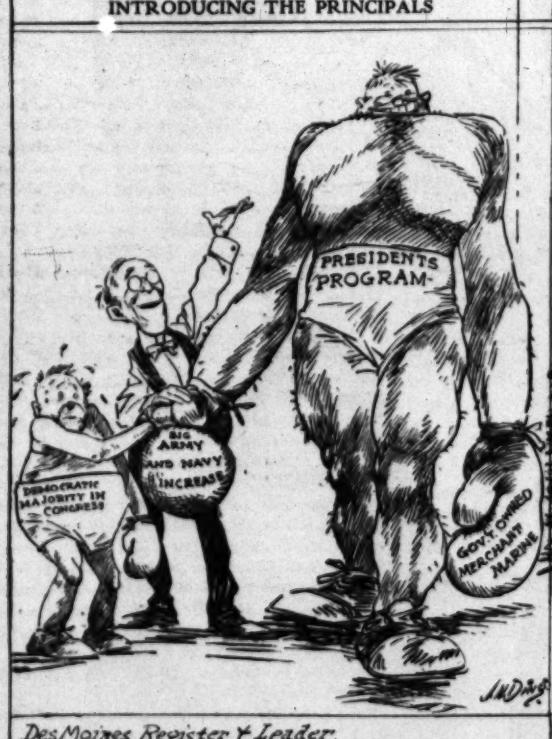
Christmas C. O. D.  
New York Sun.



BEFORE THE STORM BREAKS.  
Baltimore Star.



Baltimore American



Des Moines Register & Leader.



Philadelphia Ledger.



HARD TO BE NEUTRAL  
Spokane Spokesman-Review



THE COMMANDER - YESTERDAY AND TODAY.  
Cleveland Plain Dealer.



"CARRY YOUR GRIP, MISTER?"

New York World.

## Her Mother Love. By Edmund Mitchell.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

"Let her pass," I replied, and I urged the docile mules toward the second archway that led to the women's courtyard.

"At my bidding the inner gates opened and they closed again when the palanquin had entered.

"Within is sanctuary for your royal mother, and here is sanctuary for yourself, O prince, I continued, with a profound obeisance, for, despite the modest garments he wore, I had recognized the eldest royal son of the maharajah, whom I had seen several times in his father's presence, and on one occasion at an affair of state clad in a robe of honor of silk and gold brocade, festoons of jewels around his neck, and a tiny sword and scabbard of gold girt at his side.

"Having once more impressed secrecy on my attendants, and bidding them give admission to no one, I led my young guest into an inner reception room. There, in a few concise sentences, he told me his story.

"A plot had been hatched in the royal zenana that, just so soon as the maharajah died, this youth, and seven or eight younger brothers, sons of other wives, should be slain, so that the undisputed succession might descend on one particular son, elder by several years, but not in the regular line of succession because born of a slave mother. It was this slave woman's brother who commanded the maharajah's bodyguard, and, in collusion with his sister, had conceived the damnable conspiracy. Only by the whisper of a woman who was close to the officer, but whose heart was tender, had the mother of the young heir to the throne been warned. With my aid, and that of the eunuch who had visited me the day before, they had made their escape, the youth having been hidden in the palanquin of his mother before the latter left the seraglio on one of her occasional visits to the bazaars.

"Such was the story. Now the future had to be planned, for up to this point the maharanee had acted blindly and impulsively—just swiftly—the moment she had r' "sed the supreme danger" her son. In the boy I found high courage and a clear brain, and together we devised the measures to be followed that would best allay suspicion as to the whereabouts of the fugitives.

"As a first step I sallied forth as usual to pay my professional visit on the maharajah a little before the noontide hour. Perhaps I felt that, if by any chance suspicion had already alighted upon me, I was taking my life in my hands by entering the palace; but, trusting to the protection of Allah, I gave no second thought to any fear of this kind.

"I had not yet reached the palace gates when I encountered a messenger running in hot haste to summon me. His highness the maharajah had been seized with a fit, and the whole palace was in a turmoil.

"When I gained the royal apartment I saw at a glance that the sufferer was beyond human aid. I could but watch the deep labored breathing, growing ever fainter and fainter, until the death-rattle in the throat proclaimed the end.

"During that hour of watching my soul had been gravely perturbed, not because of the dying debauchee, but in dread of sinister happenings in the royal zenana when the news of the maharajah's demise should come to be announced. But how was I to give warning without betraying to certain death the youth and his mother who had sought sanctuary of my defenseless home? For there, at the door of the sick room, stood the captain of the king's bodyguard, Todar Rao, the very man who, I knew, held his corrupt soldiery in leash for any villainy.

"Another high officer of the court, the diwan, had shared my vigil in the death chamber, and just before the end came had informed me that it was news of an attack by budmashes on one of the royal palanquins that morning in the bazaars that had inflicted the fatal stroke upon his master. But this treasurer was an aged man, who would have quailed under the eye of the stern and relentless soldier keeping watch and ward at the doorway, and, for all I know, he, too, might be in the conspiracy—indeed, his furtive glances and the nervous twitching of his hands forewarned me of this danger.

"Surrounded by uncertainties, and utterly helpless in my isolation, I could but drift whither the stream of destiny carried me.

"The king is dead," I announced, when the last flutter of the heart had ceased. "May God in His compassion give him peace."

"The diwan summoned the captain of the bodyguard, and the latter, to make certainty double sure, brutally shook the dead man by the shoulder. I could see the savage gleam of satisfaction on his face when he threw

the bangles off his wrists. It was only then that he realized the meaning of the company and subversive motto, and, by a series of events, the fellow rose to his feet, with a wave of my hand.

"The general smile among the company showed the fact that his calling was held in no undue reverence, at least by those but perhaps the most learned of his hearers.

"But a general smile among the company of my profession, which was held in no undue reverence, at least by those but perhaps the most learned of his hearers.

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## The Strategy of Tia Lola. By Harold Playter.

### THE PURSUIT.

**O**N the bench behind his stamp-mill batteries, Jimmy Curtis was honing his razor—a real razor, not “the lawnmower-kind that pulls ‘em out by the roots.”

At the store of Don Emilio Contreras they had that morning charged him an outrageous price for it; because of the duty, they said—Mexican duties are “for revenue only.”

But Jimmy reflected complacently, he could afford the best now. Being new, it scarcely needed honing—but that week’s growth of stubble accumulated since he broke his old blade was pretty wiry. He stropped the blade carefully, smiling softly as he thought of the evening before him; happily conscious that this was his last twelve-hour shift in the old mill. He looked at his watch. Five o’clock; plenty of time to shave before his relief came on shift at six—

“Clang! Clang! Clang!” above the rhythmic roar of the stamps sounded the ominous ring of a broken stem. Jimmy cursed and put down the razor. Ethics demanded that he leave the mill shipshape for the oncoming shiftman.

While Jimmy and his helper were replacing the stem, Jose Lopez, who ran the concentrating tables, sauntered up behind the batteries, picked up the razor, laid the edge squarely upon the hone and—apparently tried to cut the hone.

Nero fiddled while Rome burned; a certain Catherine distributed poison with fatal liberality; but there is no crime comparable to that of the man who dulls another’s razor.

With a satisfied curl of the black-mustached lip, Jose Lopez strolled back to his concentrating tables. Jose was a handsome chap. Born in Texas, he was half American, half Mexican. He was on the American pay roll—the gold pay roll—of the La Plata Mining & Milling Company, but his racial predilections were subject to change. At this period he inclined strongly toward the Mexican population of La Plata—to whom in former times he had disparagingly referred as “the natives.”

But at this particular moment Jose was neither “native” nor “gringo”—he was purely and simply a cosmopolitan “villain.”

Jimmy had trouble replacing that stem; it took him an hour—an hour that he could ill spare. He hurried back to his razor, and wasted forty-five more precious minutes. The razor’s bent edge bit deep into cheek, chin and upper lip, and severed only a few unimportant hairs; he could do nothing with it. Very unjustly he cursed its makers, put it in his pocket and washed the strawberry ice-cream from his face. Rushing to his room at the mess house, he flung himself into conventional clothes, re-pocketed the razor, then leaped still bearded and bleeding into a waiting carruaje and bade the cochero fay his horses.

But Las Moscas, the rancho of Don Emilio Contreras, was four miles from La Plata. Jimmy arrived to find Jose Lopez already there. Assembled in the sala, ready for departure, was the whole family—for when one escorts one’s Mexican lady love to a function, one escorts also her relatives to the most remote blood tie.

When Jimmy entered the room, his eyes first encountered the dark, reproachful eyes of Catalina.

“Why didst thou not come earlier?” they chided him; then they deepened with surprise and concern as they took in the unsightliness of his countenance.

Don Emilio and his wife, Dona Paula, bent upon him looks of severe reproof. These he supported with courtesy, but his restraint was sorely tried when he glanced toward Jose, for in Jose’s eyes was an amused and ill-concealed malice. All at once Jimmy knew what had befallen that razor.

Catalina presented him to a third woman, her aunt, Don Emilio’s maiden sister. Tia Lola had unexpectedly arrived that day for a visit. Jimmy noted that Tia Lola had eyes and a mouth like Catalina’s, and that her forty years had not hardened them. She smiled sympathetically when Don Emilio suggested that perhaps Senor Curtis would escort his sister to the dance since Jose’s carruaje would be rather crowded. Jimmy gnashed his teeth—

with the accent on the “g”—but he was gamely courteous.

So sincere was his deference toward her, in spite of his chagrin, that Tia Lola was touched. She had seen the look in Catalina’s eyes when Jimmy entered the sala, and Jimmy’s own blue eyes recalled those of a certain “gringo” whom her father had forbidden the house a score of years ago. Somehow Tia Lola had never married, al-

though—Romance, albeit vicarious, once more warmed, almost thrilled, Tia Lola’s empty heart. During the drive to La Plata, she encouraged Jimmy to talk, and Jimmy’s sore spirit responded gratefully. A rivalry of more than a year, he told her, had culminated in Catalina’s recent admission that she preferred him to Jose. She had agreed that Jimmy should take her to this baile, and that they should dance only with each other as is the custom of accepted novios, but she had warned him that he must come early. Don Emilio had no great love for Americans; he favored Jose, but, had it not been for this unhappy coincidence of gnashed and bearded tardiness, Jimmy felt that he might have won the father also. He had planned to apprise Don Emilio that night of the fact that he, Jimmy, had just sold a half-interest in a valuable mining prospect, in which he had invested his savings, for ten thousand dollars, retaining management of the property.

Tia Lola promised nothing, said little, but somehow Jimmy was comforted.

At the dance Jimmy hovered in the darkness of the patio wondering how he might get private speech with Catalina without exposing his face. Now and then Tia Lola came to the door and peered in his direction. Anon came Don Emilio for a breath of fresh air. Jimmy promptly buttonholed him and asked for Catalina’s hand. Don Emilio refused. Jimmy’s temper rose; instead of recounting his financial good fortune, he unwisely reminded Don Emilio that Catalina was of age and lawfully entitled to make her own choice. Don Emilio laughed shortly, disagreeably.

“Invoke the law, if you care to try,” he said, and turned on his heel. A moment later Jimmy heard him inviting all the men to the refreshment bar, and when they were all assembled Don Emilio slapped Jose paternally on the back and announced that on Saturday next there would be a wedding.

While the men were drinking two women appeared in the doorway and emerged, walking quickly toward Jimmy.

“Catalina!” Jimmy grasped the girl’s hands and led her into the shadow. Then, while Tia Lola stood at a discreet distance, Jimmy narrated how Jose had delayed him.

Catalina’s wrath was most comforting. Marry Jose? She would marry a peon first. She crept into Jimmy’s arms and braved the piercing whiskers in one mad kiss.

“Jeemee,” she murmured, “it is an omen, mi novio. Thou shalt wear this beard until we are wed! Give to me the razor; I shall always treasure it.” Jimmy gave it to her—“But,” she continued, “what can we do? No local magistrate would dare interfere in my father’s affairs, nor would any priest dare marry us against his wishes. If I defy him he will put me in a convent!”

Suddenly Tia Lola stood before them.

“Listen, Jeemee,” she said rapidly. “Go at once to Chihuahua City and tell Pedro Salazar that Lola Contreras sent you. Bid him remember the pink mantilla he gave me on a certain New Year’s eve, and the promise I made him. Then ask of him what you will. Emilio, my brother, is a good man but a fool; I will not see this girl’s life spoiled as mine has been. Catalina will promise to marry Jose unless you can prevent, and Emilio will laugh, thinking that you mean to approach the local authorities, whom he holds in his hand. But Pedro Salazar can procure for you legal papers which Emilio dare not ignore. Tell him to send a trusted official to serve them, or—” Tia Lola hesitated, then went bravely on—“tell him that if he comes himself, Lola Contreras will be here to greet him. You must act quickly and secretly.” Tia Lola stood erect, her head thrown back. The admiring Jimmy well knew what this defiance of her country’s con-

ventions cost her. He seized her hands and kissed them.

“Thank you a thousand times, mi tia, for so I shall call you now. I shall be in Chihuahua tomorrow, and return by Monday evening.” He kissed them both and hurried away to secure the fastest horses in camp.

Tia Lola’s confidence in Pedro Salazar was fully justified. Being high in government circles, he was able to further Jimmy’s plans—and his own heart’s desire—without delay. But it is hard to invoke the law secretly, and Emilio Contreras had many friends in Chihuahua.

On Monday evening the Contreras family, with Jose Lopez as their guest, were just sitting down to dinner at Las Moscas when a vaquero dismounted from a sweating horse before the house and burst unceremoniously into the room, handing Don Emilio a letter. Don Emilio read the letter with increasing signs of anger and dismay. He called Jose aside.

“Jose, this letter warns me that this gringo has by some devil’s trick obtained legal papers demanding that Catalina be delivered over to the authorities if she is unwilling to remain under my control. He and an official will be here within the hour.”

“They must not be allowed to serve those papers, Don Emilio. If we can elude them until Saturday night, Catalina will be forced to keep her promise. We can travel from one of your ranchos to another, always obtaining fresh horses and leaving instructions that the gringo be given poor ones. We can circle around by way of La Cana, and there you can have every horse driven into the hills. That will leave them stranded and give us plenty of time to reach La Plata and consummate the wedding.”

Thus it came to pass that for five days and five nights the majesty of the law and the bewhiskered Jimmy pursued Don Emilio Contreras over his own broad acres, those acres in which, it may be surmised, Jose Lopez was as much interested as in the girl. From Las Moscas northward to Los Pozos, thence northeast to El Represo, and eastward to El Trigo, Don Emilio traveled in leisurely fashion, never gaining much lest the pursuit lose heart and turn back to La Plata. Then from El Trigo southward to La Cana he began to put on speed.

Catalina was jealously guarded; never for a moment did she escape the eyes of her parents or of Jose. And Tia Lola—who had refused to be left behind, declaring that she would not miss the fun of the chase—acted well her role of amused neutrality.

At every stopping place Pedro Salazar stormed and threatened in the name of the law, and Jimmy was lavish with money; but Don Emilio’s peons were loyal, and as there was scarce a horse in the country traversed that was not his, the mounts of Jimmy and Salazar were poor and forthcoming slowly, although every other courtesy was extended them. They reached La Cana about midnight Friday on utterly fagged horses, to find that Don Emilio had rested there six hours and had then started on the long home stretch to Las Moscas in the evening. It soon became apparent that money and threats would not—could not—procure fresh horses for the pursuers, and weary and disheartened, they retired to the rooms assigned them.

The Contreras family reached Las Moscas Saturday noon. They retired at once for a much-needed rest, and slept until within an hour of the time set for the wedding. This was to have taken place in the La Plata church, but, under the circumstances, all invitations were called off. The priest and the magistrate were a trifle to appear at Las Moscas at 9 o’clock, when the two ceremonies—that of the church, and that legally required by the State—were to be performed in strict privacy.

Tia Lola was the first to be stirring. Her heart was heavy; so thorough had been Don Emilio’s plans for balking pursuit at La Cana that she knew that Jimmy and Salazar could not possibly get horses in time. Nevertheless, Tia Lola determined to delay proceedings to the last. If she could not save Catalina, she would at least make her brother and Jose pay for their victory.

Presently Don Emilio was heard calling

for hot water and shortly thereafter demanding to know, in the names of the saints and careless wives and servants, what had become of his razor. Protracted search revealed but one razor. Don Emilio insisted that the bridegroom’s week’s accumulation of beard should be removed first, and Jose accordingly retired to the bathroom.

Now, Jose felt the grip of avenging fate upon his heart as soon as he picked up that razor. Although the case was old the name upon it was familiar, and the razor itself was unmistakably *ne*. Jose cut himself five times and wasted thirty minutes before he dared call Don Emilio and tell him that his *razor* was no good.

Don Emilio protested that this was the best razor made. Jose was unnerved, said he, by the approaching function. He would show the trembling bridegroom how to shave.

Don Emilio cut himself three times before he began to bellow for someone to go to the bunk-house, a quarter-mile distant, to borrow razors of the vaqueros.

Tia Lola heard him first and volunteered to go. She returned presently with three razors which she carefully whetted upon the adobe bricks before entering the house. Taking them to the bathroom, she handed them to the half-clothed men, skillfully extracting the key from the inside of the door as she did so. She closed the door softly, turned the key in the lock, and slipped the key into her stocking. Going to the front door she listened intently, as she had done a dozen times that evening. But no sound reached her ears save yelps of pain and profane rage proceeding from the bathroom.

It was 9 o’clock before Don Emilio discovered that he was locked in. There ensued a tremendous pounding and swearing that terrified the priest and the waiting family in the sala. Dona Paula ran about in a panic, screaming for servants to bring keys or batter down the bathroom door. Tia Lola ran again to the front door.

And above the tumult of the house there came to her ears sounds as of a battle in progress far down the La Cana road. Shotguns, rifles, machine guns and diminutive cannon seemed to strive for supremacy in mad pandemonium. This grew louder and louder until presently there plunged into the light streaming from the windows a most curious vehicle for Cupid’s use. It was an archaic motorcycle, built for two, driven by Jimmy. Upon the rear seat Pedro Salazar clung desperately, both to Jimmy and to two large storage batteries, robbed in the night from the La Cana pump house. For tires the machine had spliced manila rope wrapped with wire; it groaned and squeaked, sputtered and gasped, as it came to an exhausted stop and lay down upon its side. Jimmy ran to Tia Lola.

“Are we in time, mi tia?” cried the deus ex machina.

Quite shamelessly Tia Lola dived into her stocking, then handed a key to Salazar.

“In the bathroom,” she choked with laughter.

They all repaired to the bathroom and liberated its inmates, upon whose gashed and tufted countenances bewilderment vied with anger. Jose speedily vanished into the night. Don Emilio stared in speechless wrath as Pedro Salazar drew from his pocket several scraps of pink lace and handed them to Tia Lola, saying:

“Thy mantilla, Lola. Thou shalt have another. And—thy promise?”

“I will keep it, Pedro; the priest and magistrates are here.” She turned to her brother: “Forgive me, Emilio; I could not see Catalina wed unhappy. I scattered these pieces of mantilla along the road as we went. At La Cana I left one in the bed which Jeemee was to— and I tied in it a note telling of the old motorcycle I had seen in the shed, and of the gasoline in the pump-house. The machine looked as hopeless to me as it evidently did to you, but it was our last chance. Jeemee is ingenious—she serves a reward.”

Don Emilio has never quite forgiven his sister, but her new-found, though tardily-grasped, happiness enables her to survive this.

To his gringo grandchildren, however, Don Emilio has become more than reconciled.









By Frederick John Jackson.

## The Departure of Mr. Cassidy.

## Good Short Stories

Brief Anecdotes Gathered From Many Sources.

Compiled for the Times.

## Drawing for Four.

**A**LFRED BOYD, the silk expert, on a recent trip in the Ozark region, says he saw a rather unusual advertisement in one of the village papers as follows:

"Wanted—To trade, two mules for two horses or two horses for two mules—makes no difference which. Apply John Rekop."

Breaking into the conference around the stove in the rear of the general store where the villagers were settling the European war with oratory and the dust with tobacco juice, Boyd asked one of his old friends about the ad.

"Wal, you see, it's this way. Old Rekop is a consarned old shark when it comes to playing his name spelled backward, and he calculates he could do better either with four jacks or four of a kind in hosseas."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

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## The Ex-Minister.

**A** MEMBER of the corps of the British legation said at a dinner in New York: "Some funny stories come from the front about our volunteer army."

"Two young swells in the uniform of private soldiers were overheard by an officer conversing in a trench.

"I was intended for the ministry," the first swell said. "Believe me or not, old chap, I was on the point of being ordained last August."

"I say! And what stopped you, then?" inquired the other.

"This — war, of course, was the reply."—[Washington Star.]

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## No Hazards.

**F**RANK DEMPSEY, one of Erin's stalwart sons, and brother of Father "Tim" Dempsey, walked into a local accident insurance company one day recently and asked to be insured.

"Are you engaged in any occupation in which you are exposed to any element of danger?" asked the secretary.

"Not in the least," Frank responded with his broad, pleasing brogue.

"Would your business ever require you to be where there were — led crowds — or instance, at a riot or a fire?"

"Never, sir."

"Does your business throw you in contact with the criminal classes?"

"Never, sir."

"What is your business, Mr. Dempsey, may I ask?"

"I am a policeman stationed at the C in of Rocks." Frank answered without the twitch of a muscle.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

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## Squelching a Bore.

**R**ICHARD HARDING DAVIS is much troubled by bores. He has a short way with them, however.

Mr. Davis, for example, sat in the smoking room of a Bar Harbor hotel one evening with a cigar and a novel when a bore said to him from across :

"Well, sir, is Wilson too proud to fight or not?"

Mr. Davis looked up calmly from his novel, blew a cloud into the air and said:

"Wilson? What Wilson?"

"Why, Woodrow Wilson, of course!" said the astonished bore. "President Woodrow Wilson! Did you never hear of him?"

"No," said Mr. Davis, "I never did," and he yawned and took up his novel again.

The bore regarded him darkly for ten minutes. Then he attacked him again.

"Looking kind of black for Bernstorff—I guess he'll get his walking papers, hey?" he said.

"Bernstorff?" said Mr. Davis. "Who the deuce is Bernstorff?"

"What? You never heard of him, either?" shouted the bore.

"No," said Mr. Davis, "never."

Five minutes of silence. Then the bore took a long pull at his glass and said bitterly:

"I guess you never heard of Adam, did you?"

Mr. Davis frowned as if in intent thought. "Adam? Adam?" he said. "What's his last name?"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

## Reassurance.

**I**T WAS a fashionable southern resort and the pretty New England maiden had been tangoing strenuously with a vigorous young man from the West.

"Really," she protested. "I must stop. I'd love to keep on and on, but I'm danced out."

"Why, how can you say that?" he cried in astonishment as he escorted her to a seat. "I don't think you are darned stout at all. You're just plump enough."—[National Monthly.]

## But Where to Put It.

**A** NEW REGULATION in a certain coal mine required that each man mark with chalk the number of every car of coal mined.

One man named Rudolph, having filled the eleventh car, marked it as No. 1 and, after pondering a while, let it go at that.

Another miner, happening to notice what he thought was a mistake, called Rudolph's attention to the fact that he had marked the car No. 1 instead of 11.

"Yes, I know," said Rudolph; "But I can't think which side de odder wan go on."—[Everybody's Magazine.]

## The Limit Defined.

**A**T A DINNER party the other night they were talking about joke-loving citizens when this little story was recalled by Congressman Frank E. Wilson of New York.

Some time ago a merry son of the Emerald Isle was arrested on the charge of assault and battery, and eventually he found himself standing before the stern-faced magistrate.

"Pat," said the magistrate, "you are charged with having punched Dennis McGinley in the face. What have you to say about it?"

"Shure, yer Honor," meekly answered the repentant Pat. "Oi did it in fun. Oi only meant to have a little joke wid him."

"You did, did you?" responded the magistrate. "Well, in the future I want you to understand that your right to a joke ends where Dennis's nose begins."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

## A Gallant Mayor.

**F**ROM a small provincial town in the north of Italy comes the following story. Queen Helena was visiting the town, just before the entry of Italy into the war, to attend the unveiling of a statue of Victor Emmanuel.

After the mayor of the town had made an elaborate speech of welcome, he handed the Queen a glass of champagne, and asked to be allowed to drink her health. As their glasses clinked, a drop of champagne fell upon the Queen's gown. She opened her hand-bag to take out her handkerchief, but the gallant mayor was not to be caught on any point of etiquette.

"Your Majesty!" he exclaimed grandly, "there is no need of that! Everything is already paid for." E. T.

## A Couple of Kipling Stories.

**R**UDYARD KIPLING might starve to death bravely, but he would not be able to do so silently. After the siege of Kimberley, he was staying with Cecil Rhodes at a charming little fruit-farm near the town. One morning it occurred to Mr. Rhodes to take a stroll around the orchards for a while before breakfast. As Mr. Kipling did not feel like walking, he stayed behind. Time went on and the idea presented itself to the author that breakfast would be desirable. But there was no sign of his host. As a matter of fact, Mr. Rhodes had become so much interested in the matter in hand that he had quite forgotten the passage of time, and it was nearly ten before he remembered his starving guests, and hurried homeward.

"What's this, sir?" said his manager, suddenly pausing before a tree.

Upon it was pinned a sheet of paper, bearing in large black letters, "Famine."

The next tree was also decorated: "We are

starving; feed us." Near the house they came upon a larger sheet with these words

in huge type: "For the human race breakfast. Purifies the mind; invigorates the system. It has sustained thousands, it will sustain you. See that you get it." Finally, upon the front door was an enormous placard: "Why die when a little breakfast will prolong life?"

How an omnibus driver scored on Kipling is told by an American friend of the writer's.

Annoyed by the injury done to one of his trees by the driver of a local stage, Mr. Kipling wrote a vigorous letter of complaint to the man, who was also the landlord of an inn.

The landlord sold the letter for ten shillings. A second and stronger letter followed. This found a purchaser at one pound, for its increased violence made it more valuable. To it, as to the former letter, the landlord made no reply.

To him Kipling went the next day, briskly wrathful. "Why didn't I answer your letters, sir?" replied the landlord. "Why, I was hoping you'd send me a fresh one. They pay me a great deal better than bus driving."

E. T.

## Making Tommy Attractive.

**E**THEL, the twelve-year-old daughter of a family that resides in an uptown apartment house, recently said to her mother:

"Mother, I wish you'd wash Tommy's face."

Now Tommy was the son of the man whose apartment adjoined theirs. So mother was both alarmed and astonished.

"The idea!" she exclaimed. "Why, he's a neighbor's child! I have nothing to do with him."

"But I have," explained Ethel. "We've become engaged, and I want to kiss him."—[Youth's Companion.]

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## Easily Accomplished.

**O**NE afternoon an elderly lady, who was not accustomed to traveling, boarded a train for a short run to the adjacent country, and when her destination was eventually announced she nervously called to the conductor.

"What can I do for you, madam?" asked the conductor, stepping to her side.

"Oh, Mr. Conductor," she explained, "here is the town where I am going, and I don't know exactly which door to go out."

"You may go out by either door, madam," gently instructed the conductor. "The car stops at both ends."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

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## No Occasion for Hunger.

**A** N ENGLISH town council, after a protracted sitting, was desirous of adjourning for lunch.

The proposition was opposed by the Mayor, who thought that if his fellow office-holders felt the stimulus of hunger the dispatch of business would be much facilitated. At last a rather illiterate member got up and exclaimed:

"I am astonished, I am surprised, I am amazed, Mr. Mayor, that you will not let us go to lunch."

"And I am surprised," replied the Mayor, "that a man who has got so much 'ham' in his mouth should want any lunch at all."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

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## Suspicions Confirmed.

**S**ILENCE in the kitchen was always to be regarded with mistrust—when little Laura was there. Her mother had learned this from long experience, and Laura was in the kitchen now—ominously silent.

Hence the voice from the adjoining pantry:

"What are you doing, dearie?"

"Nuffin, mother," answered Laura.

"Are you sure?" asked the mother, still busy with her cups and saucers.

"Well, I isn't doing much."

A moment's pause.

"I'm only drivin' hatpins into the soap with your new silver milk jug."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

## The Story of Creation.

**W**ILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, the well-known American author and critic, tells a Shakespeare story.

"I Stratford," he says, "during one of the Shakespeare jubilees, an American tourist approached an aged villager in a smock and said:

"Who is this chap, Shakespeare, anyway?"

"He was a writer, sir."

"Oh, but there are lots of writers. Why do you make such an infernal fuss over this one, then? Wherever I turn I see Shakespeare hotels, Shakespeare cakes, Shakespeare chocolates, Shakespeare shoes. What the deuce did he write—magazine stories, attacks on the government, shady novels?"

"No, sir; oh, no, sir," said the aged villager. "I understand he writ for the Bible, sir."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

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## Blame the Compositor.

**S**EE HERE, sir," yelled the indignant citizen, as he entered the office of The Daily Whoop, "what do you mean by this article in yesterday's paper?"

"What is it?" asked the editor.

"What is it?" shouted the indignant citizen. "Why, you refer to me as a greedy jobber."

"That is too bad," replied the editor. "It is a typographical error, and I am sorry it appeared as it did."

"Oh, very well," answered the indignant citizen. "I accept your apology."

"I don't know how that fool linotype man came to set the word 'jobber,' added the editor. "I wrote the word 'robber' very plainly."—[Philadelphia Record.]

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## Suitably Expressed.

**A**S THE subject for the weekly essay the schoolmaster asked his pupils to say what they could do if they had \$5,000,000.

At once all heads were bent, save one, and pens scratched busily. The one exception was little Willie. He calmly sat doing nothing, twiddling his fingers and watching the flies on the ceiling.

At the end of the time the master collected the papers, and Willie handed over a blank sheet.

"How's this, Willie?" asked the master. "Is this your essay? Why, all the others have written at least two sheets, while you do nothing."

"Well," replied Willie, "that's what I would do if I were a millionaire."—[Philadelphia Record.]

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## Tree Pruning.

**T**HE CORRECT principles that should govern the amputation of the branches of trees have been known for a long time, but in traveling we observe how many of us, either in a hurry of trimming or through indifference, neglect some of those little points which have a most important bearing on the future of our trees. In all cases the branch should be cut close and even with the trunk, for one of the simple laws of plant life is known to be that a tree sap has a double movement, upward and downward.

As descending sap alone forms the new bark and wood which heal over a wound, it will follow if a cut is made which leaves a stub, the new growth does not come over the lower part, as it is cut off from communication with the elaborated sap descending from the leaves; and the wood included in the space between body and end of stub, on the under side, not being covered with new wood, begins to decay, and in time destroys the trunk of the tree. From this some persons have come to the wrong conclusion that only branches of a small diameter can with safety be removed. Cut off the branch close to the trunk, with a clean smooth cut and all will be well. All cuts should be painted over with oil, paint, asphalt or some air-excluding material. This is not alone to exclude air and prevent drying and cracking of the wood, but keeps out fungous spores and destructive insects.

